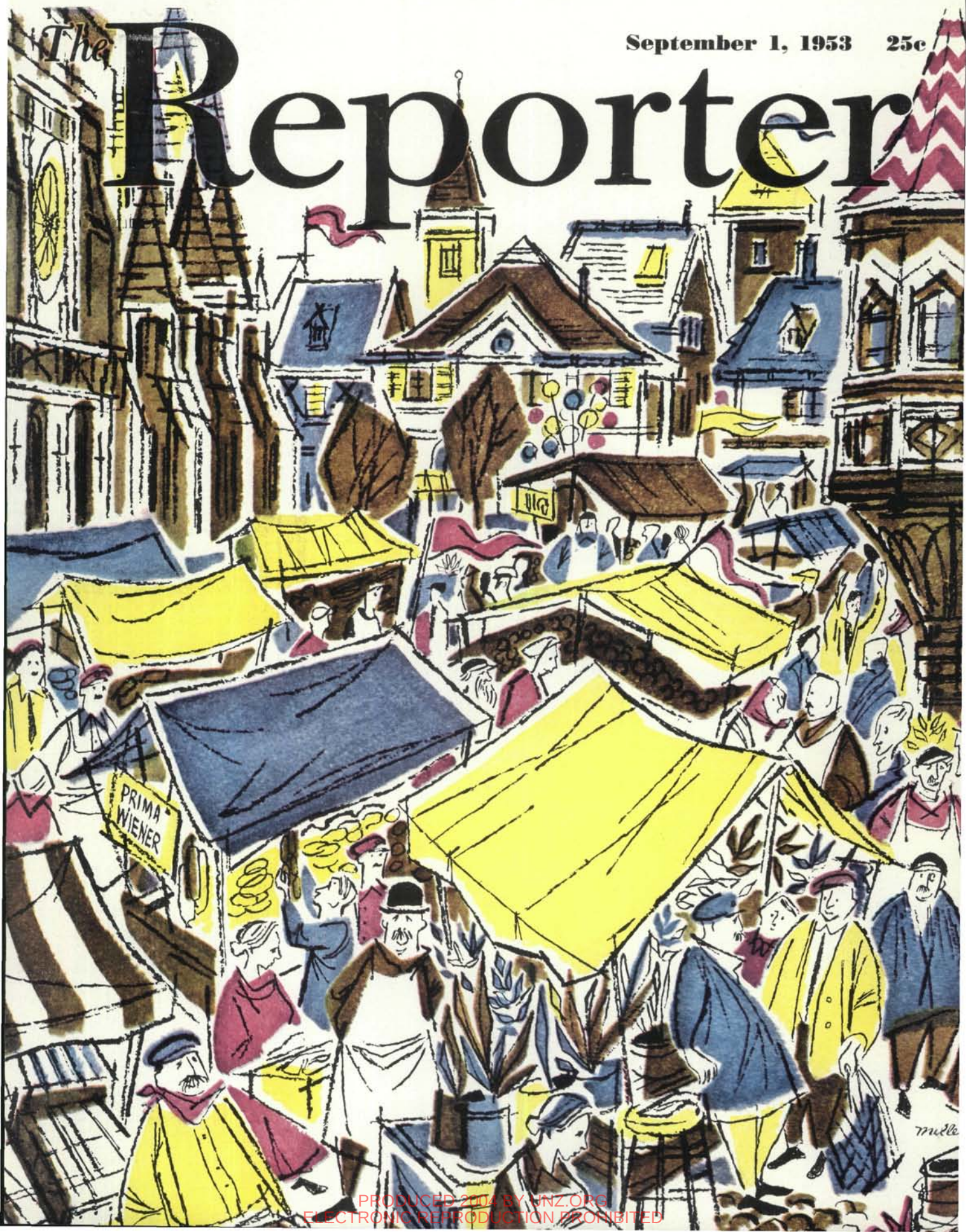
Two Days That Shook the Soviet World

The Reporter

September 1, 1953 25c



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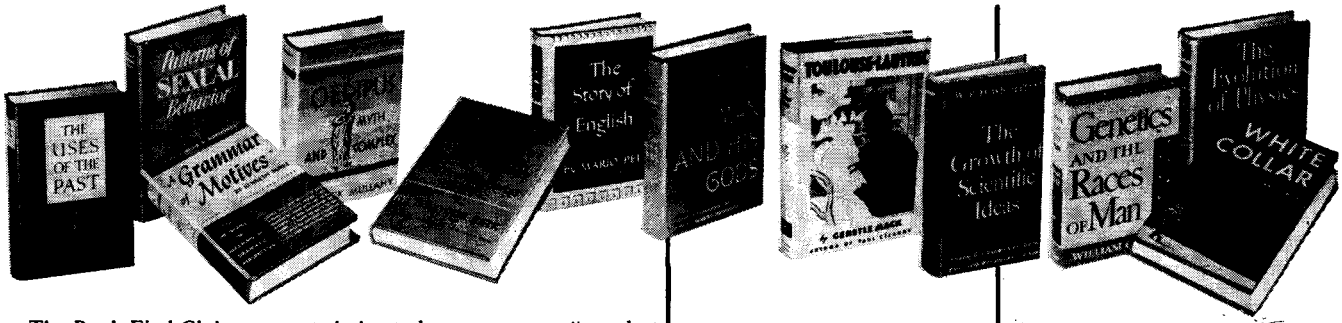

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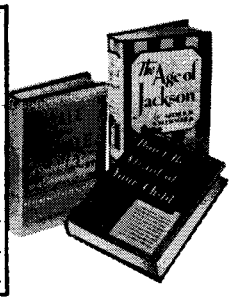

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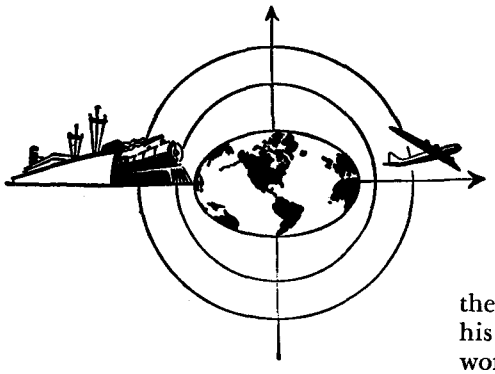

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Hydrogen and Hot Air

The chilling news from Moscow about Malenkov and the hydrogen bomb he says he has came too soon after the end of Congress's unimpressive labors to be good for our morale. The United States government will have to do much, much better if it is to frustrate the implacable hostility of the Kremlin.

On foreign affairs, Congress plodded reluctantly along in established paths—the Truman-Eisenhower foreign policy. In a world desperate for new ideas, Congress mostly clung to the old ones, reduced in scope by a few billion dollars.

The courage that produced a Korean armistice and sent food to Berlin didn't need to be ratified by Congress. On Capitol Hill, the most heartening action was a negative one: the decision of the Senate leadership to elbow the Bricker Amendment off the legislative calendar.

To counter the fusion bomb that the Russians may or may not have, the free world desperately needs the fusion of common purposes and collective action that it definitely does not have. Instead it watches successive blows of the Congressional economy ax, and is left to ponder the effect of reduced air force appropriations, reduced foreign aid, reduced funds for atomic energy, and the emasculation of laws intended to lower American barriers to foreign goods and peoples.

The unkindest thing about this first session of the Eighty-third Congress has been said by the Administration's closest friends: Ike got nearly everything he asked for. The other side of that coin is "nothing ventured, nothing gained."

We have mentioned the root of the trouble several times during these months: "Whenever he shows his mettle as the leader of the free world," we said of the President on May 12, "he is bound to strike at the unity of his party. The President must choose: He cannot live up to the task he has assigned himself [in his April 16 foreign-policy speech] and at the same time keep the Republican Party united." And again: "Only through a coalition of responsible Republicans and Democrats has the President any chance of leading the country."

Mr. Eisenhower can have this coalition for the asking. The *Congressional Quarterly* figured that the President would have lost in the Senate fifteen out of eighteen "clear issues" if he hadn't had Democratic help. In the House, the same was true of eight out of thirteen victories. And of the five House votes where he did not need the Democrats, four were noncontroversial matters of organization and the fifth was the proposal to pack the Tariff Commission with a seventh member, which was an Eisenhower proposal only in the sense that the President had once again agreed to something of which he thoroughly disapproved.

What prevents the President from governing openly as the head of a stable coalition is the political blackmail practiced by the Republican group (buttressed by a few Democrats such as McCarran) that even the New York *Times* has taken to calling the "extreme right wing." In the luminous afterglow of its votes and words in the *Congressional Record,* this wing emerges as the not-very-loyal Opposition. Its members will remain powerful only as long as the President persists in treating them according to their party labels instead of their voting records. After Malenkov's August 8 speech, the future is too appallingly risky to be trusted to any party caucus.

Unhappy Secretary

When Andrew Mellon was Secretary of the Treasury he was a man without worries—except, one recalls, about his income tax. His job did not worry him at all. When the government wanted money there was money for the asking. All he had to do was to call up a friend in a bank. In a pinch—but there was never a pinch—he could have borrowed from himself. That is perhaps why they called Mellon "the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton." He sat there in Washington happily reducing the national debt. Those were carefree days.

The present Secretary, George M. Humphrey, has to get hold of $30 billion before Christmas—there is no use waiting for Santa Claus—and he is running around from bank to bank, from insurance company to savings bank, from plain citizen to plain citizen, as if a bailiff were waiting at the door with a truck to take away the furniture. He needs $8 billion to pay for the difference between what the government is currently spending and what it is receiving. The rest of the $30 billion must be used to pay our debts.

Thirty billion dollars. That's eight hundred dollars for every head of family in the United States. If George Humphrey could sell long-term bonds, that would be fine, because these bonds—at three and a quarter per cent—do not mature for a quarter of a century, by which time there will be some other George to pay them off. And it would be all right if he could sell a lot more Series "E" Savings Bonds at three per cent, for although these can be cashed in at any time, the people who buy them generally want to hold on to them.

But the people who might buy savings bonds sometimes buy a car instead. And the banks that might

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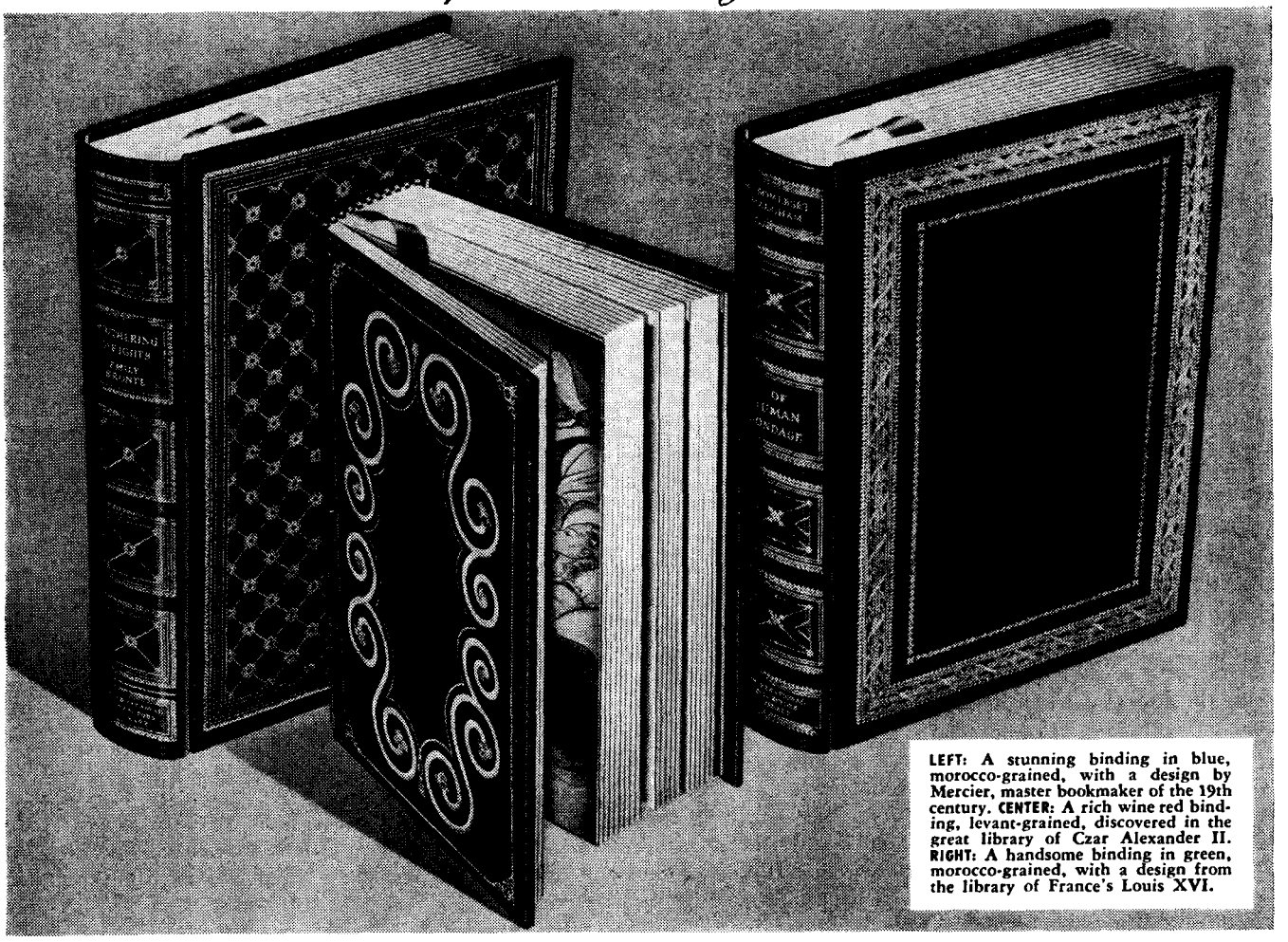

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So if you think you're an "average head of family," take a look at your checkbook and see whether you have eight hundred dollars to lend Mr. Humphrey. If you don't, then at least you know how hard it will be for him to be even the second best Secretary of the Treasury since Hamilton.

Disgruntled, Inc.

Your dictionary will show that "disgruntle" means "To put in bad humor; to arouse peevish dissatisfaction in." In Washington, this verb is being used more and more in its active form, as members of Congress go about disgruntling one executive agency after another.

The big disgruntle of the year was Senator McCarthy's infiltration and destruction of the Voice of America, which was described at some length in our July 21 issue. The techniques popularized by Cohn and Schine are now gaining favor with other opponents of the Administration. The play-by-play procedure for disgruntling an executive agency was recently illustrated, on a small and unpublicized scale, by Senator Styles Bridges of New Hampshire, Chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee, in his attack on Harold Stassen's Mutual Security Agency (recently renamed the Foreign Operations Administration).

First step was to find a disgruntled employee of MSA. One volunteered. A lawyer-banker with the respectable name of Bernard S. Van Rensselaer had been eased out of MSA's Industry Division and naturally had some grunts for sale.

Step No. 2 was to set up the ex-employee as a committee investigator. Van Rensselaer started work with commendable vigor by summoning MSA people to his office. Time was when investigators on Capitol Hill would do their own legwork. But Cohn and Schine have now popularized the system of bidding employees to appear before them, to bear witness in a kind of short-order Congressional investigation without benefit of Congressmen. Van Rensselaer improved on this by insisting that each employee come alone. "If you don't come alone, I'll subpoena you to come alone," he has been quoted as saying.

In this way Van Rensselaer cut deep into the working time of fully sixty or seventy members of the foreign-aid agency. He even summoned before him the men who had eased him out last fall. To supplement the interviews, Van Rensselaer lined up some informants inside the agency. An hour after the arrival of a classified cable from Ankara, Van Rensselaer was asking for it.

As it turned out, Van Rensselaer couldn't find anything very sensational, but he produced a report full of names of the people he didn't like, charging them with being overpaid and not qualified for their jobs. The report of Senator Bridges's investigator dealt mostly with the industrial part of MSA, the part in which he himself had worked. But the substance of the report didn't matter. The important thing was that it gave the Senator the hook on which to hang the demand he then lodged with Mr. Stassen. The committee report "directed" that no further funds be used for research aimed at promoting new industries in undeveloped countries. But Bridges himself went further: ". . . you are hereby advised that no further expenses are to be incurred, or commitments made in connection with this program, *or any other new program,* until *specific* appropriations are made for such purposes." (Italics ours)

Senator Bridges has been trying for years to establish the principle that foreign-aid agencies should clear with his committee before they start any new progam. These agencies are already harassed during the first half of the year while they concentrate on persuading Congress to give them some money to work with. The Bridges principle, widely applied, would paralyze them all year round.

Maybe year-round paralysis is what the Senator has in mind. As if to confirm that it is, word now comes that Van Rensselaer is being sent abroad to develop more grunts to sell to the Senate.

Purloined Letter?

We regret to report that Senator McCarthy's "loyal underground" network in the State Department is still bringing home rancid bacon. The Senator revealed this himself by putting into the record a State Department letter that he could only have secured from his own private sources inside the State Department.

During the hearings on funds for the government's battered information services abroad, McCarthy said that the State Department (many of whose libraries abroad subscribe to *The Reporter*) was recommending our magazine for "must" reading. Never at a loss for a document of some sort, he inserted in the record a letter from a State Department branch chief to one David A. Kerley, a student at the Tennessee Polytechnic Institute in Cookeville. The student had asked in April for some information on the economics of free multilateral trade; and two months later the Department answered him, obligingly listing pamphlets and articles that he might find useful. One sentence read: "Also, in The Reporter, March 31, 1953, there was a discussion of our trade policy." In that issue, Helen Hill Miller had written an amusing piece on how our tariff and customs laws work.

We were mildly curious about this letter. Of course, we said to ourselves, Senator McCarthy got it from the Tennessee student. But we checked with the student, and it turned out that Mr. Kerley had never gotten the letter at all. We then learned that the original letter had been returned to the State Department by the post office because the address was incorrect and that it was still resting comfortably in the Department's files.

So where did McCarthy get the letter?

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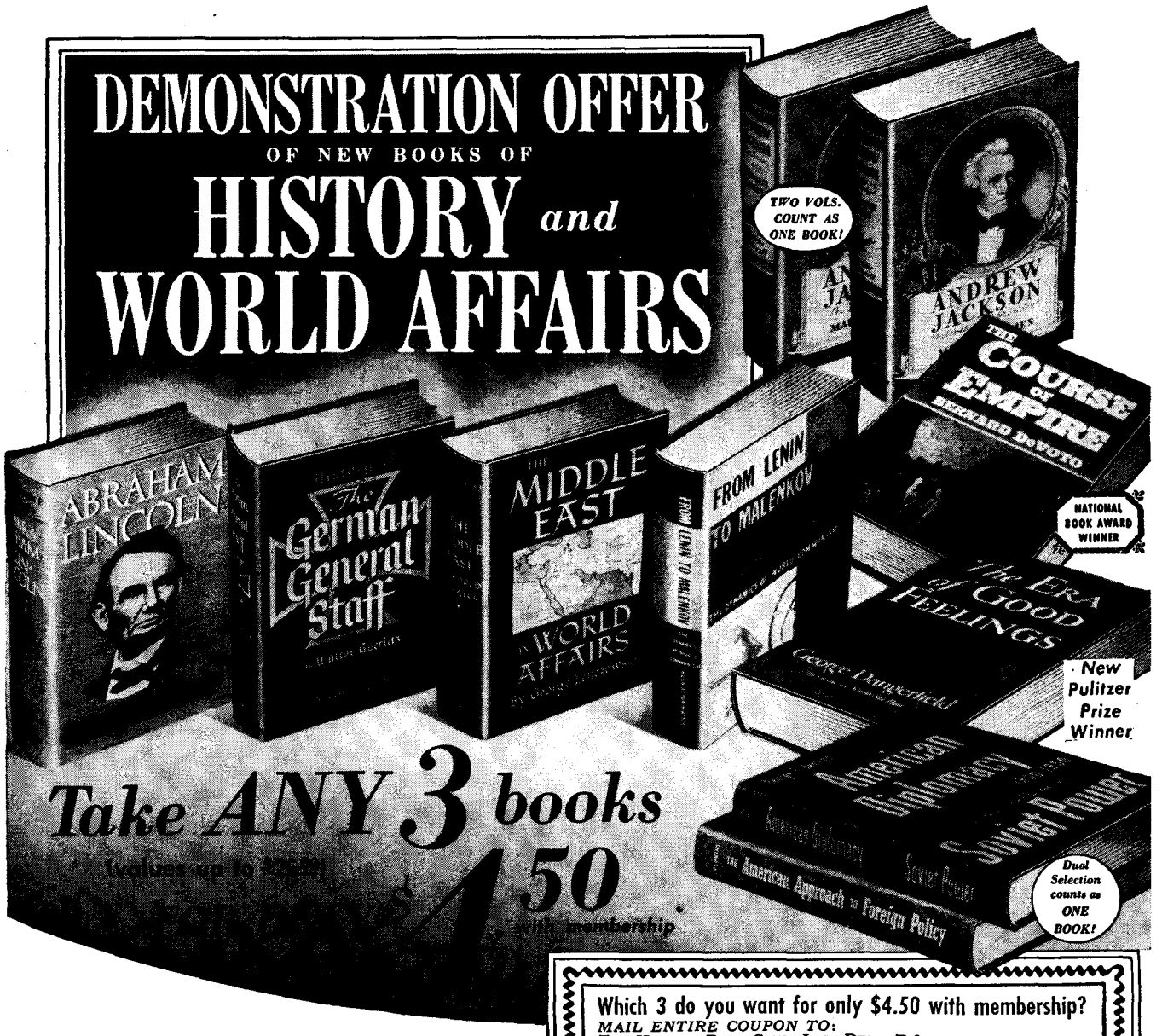

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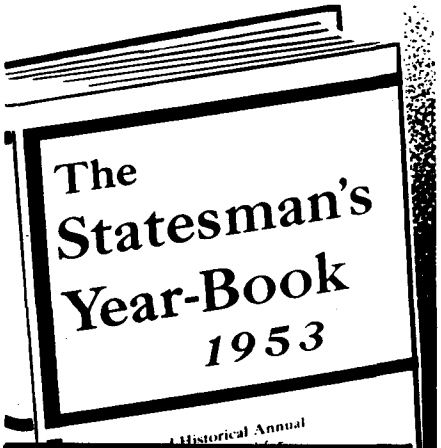

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

•

Norbert Muhlen's account of the uprising of the East German proletariat against the dictatorship of the proletariat represents reporting in its true and classic form: When something happens you find someone who was there and you ask questions. The best results come, of course, when a trained reporter fully provided with background information questions an intelligent witness. Mr. Muhlen, a German economist who opposed the Nazis and subsequently became an American citizen, was in Berlin and knew what questions to ask an east Berlin worker after the events of June 16 and 17. Mr. Muhlen has written for *Reader's Digest* and *Commentary,* and this year published *The Return of Germany.*

Isaac Deutscher, internationally known expert on Russian affairs and regular contributor to these pages, needs no introduction to our readers. His latest book, *Russia: What Next?,* was reviewed for *The Reporter* (July 7) by George F. Kennan. The article we now publish dealing with the situation as Mr. Deutscher sees it after Beria's fall is an abridged version of a supplementary chapter he has written for his book.

ANOTHER regular *Reporter* contributor is **Ralph E. Lapp,** a nuclear scientist who has taken part in many of the government's atomic-energy programs. Preoccupied in his latest article with defining proper and improper areas of secrecy, Mr. Lapp wrote *Must We Hide?* His most recent book, *The New Force,* reviews the present situation in atomic energy and deals with industry, government, and the production of energy for nonmilitary purposes.

Living in New York one meets, these days, a lot of disappointed Republicans—and not a few Democrats—who would have liked having Representative **Jacob K. Javits** as mayor of their city. But it looks as if Mr. Javits would remain in Washington continuing his constructive career as a Congressman. His views on how Congressional investigations can be regulated are of special interest.

NOW on a visit to this country, **Hugh Gaitskell,** former British Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Labour Government, writes for us about the Labour Party's new manifesto. The increasing talk about a possible general election in Britain this fall makes Mr. Gaitskell's article particularly timely. With his party now in the opposition, he is an active frontbencher and a leading anti-Bevanite. Only forty-seven years old, Mr. Gaitskell, an economist in a country where economists can go far in government, has made an international name for himself.

The fastest-growing profession in Washington seems to be that of the snooper. **Ralph Robin's** short story is more than the portrait of an unpleasant young man; it points to a public danger. The author is a chemist who has become a successful writer of science fiction. He has also been published in the *Yale Review.*

THE STAFF of *The Reporter* spent a busman's holiday this summer sampling the fare available in paperbound books. In preparing a section on paper-backs, we had valuable assistance and advice from people in this highly competitive business. One thing we learned was that the industry is older than we thought. In a 1952 Bowker Lecture published by the New York Public Library, from which we reprint an extract, **Freeman Lewis,** executive vice-president of Pocket Books, Inc., tells some of the ancient history of his business.

Meyer Levin, who provides a general survey of the field, has direct experience with paper-backs: His *The Old Bunch* is about to be issued by Permabooks; Signet is doing his *Frankie and Johnny* (retitled *The Young Lovers*).

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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—MORRIS L. ERNST, *Saturday Review*

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The Closed Door in China

"ALL government—indeed, every human benefit and enjoyment, every virtue and every prudent act—is founded on compromise and barter." Edmund Burke was talking about "Conciliation with America," but he might have been talking about the political conference on the Far East that is now to take up where the soldiers left off.

The President has chosen to talk rather than fight. He must now decide what we want out of these talks, and how we are going to get it. But Syngman Rhee and a good many Republicans see in negotiation the beginnings of appeasement. Once the conference starts, will the American negotiators be able to negotiate?

WHAT we should want is clear enough. It is the containment of Communist China: getting Chinese troops out of Korea, an end to Chinese aid to the Vietminh in Indo-China, the abandonment of Communist ambitions in Formosa. It does not mean regaining the mainland for the Chinese Nationalists. Desirable as that would be, it is a goal beyond the reach of U.S. power, an operation to which the United States has been careful not to commit itself.

Our old Open Door policy in China was based on the recognition of China's weakness. This weakness invited the stronger nations to quarrel among themselves for trade concessions and slices of territory. In our time China threatens the peace not through weakness but through growing and reckless strength. The China of hopeless domestic disorder and lordly foreign *taipans* has passed away. In its place there exist a strong and effective army of over three million men, a more centralized direction of affairs than that fragmented society has ever had imposed on it, and a growing industrial strength.

When Mao's power was turned loose in Korea, a new stage in China's long history began. As we fought back, we took the first step in creating a new policy that might be called the Closed Door in China —aimed at preventing not the aggrandizement of other nations at China's expense but China's aggrandizement at the expense of its neighbors.

Does a Closed Door policy mean we abandon the hope that the mainland of China may in time be ruled by more temperate and co-operative leaders? Not at all. But the last three years have proved that short of general war, the Chinese Communist armies are rather difficult to take territory away from. When the Red tide ebbs in China it will be because the free countries of Asia, with our help, have demonstrated that social progress and a rising standard of life come faster, and are spread around more widely, than they can be in countries where the secret police and a slogan-happy one-party bureaucracy get things done with slave labor.

A Closed Door policy demands also a continuation of the costly preparedness that enabled us to check the enemy in Korea. If the United States lacks the military strength to stop another reckless lunge from China, the political conference can turn out to be merely a screen behind which the Communists prepare their next aggressive move.

Sitting down at a table with the Communists is not an Asia policy; promoting economic development and building a protective system of security pacts are the beginnings of one.

They Can't Have It Both Ways

The Chinese Communists will enter the negotiations with two aims. They want to be considered by the whole world as the government of China, and they want to extend their influence beyond their own borders as far and as fast as their growing strength permits. They must be made to realize that they cannot have both. Their eagerness for international "face" gives us the opportunity to check their eagerness for expansion.

In exploiting this opening, President Eisenhower needs the greatest leeway. It appears that he will have almost none. A unanimous Congress, Secretary Dulles, Adlai Stevenson, the President himself, and practically everybody else have come out flatly against the admission of Red China to the United Nations. This is an entirely logical reaction, since the Chinese Communists have the unique distinction of being the only nation that has waged war on the world peace organization.

But maybe we have all been answering, very emphatically, the wrong question. What we have all been asking ourselves is, "Should the Chinese Communists be substituted for the Nationalists in the United Nations and take their seat in the Se-

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curity Council?" To this black-and-white query at this stage the answer can only be "No."

Certainly neither U.N. membership nor U.S. recognition can be considered as implied by our act of sitting down at the table. It has been the Chinese Communists themselves who have made this question of recognition so very difficult for the rest of the world. For non-Communist nations, diplomatic relations with Peking have been futile or worse, as the British experience proves. The question of recognizing Peking cannot even come up until Peking reverses its policy of not recognizing the world.

But suppose that the Chinese Communists have decided that their interests will be better served by establishing normal international relations and entering the United Nations than by attacking their neighbors. Suppose that in their own interests they are prepared to accept a Closed Door—a door that is open to trade but is locked tight against aggression. Suppose that this new intention is backed up by concrete acts in Korea and in Indo-China. And suppose that the U.S. negotiators are not too shackled by Congress to make the most of such an opportunity. How far should they go?

Membership—with a Difference

First, we should not recognize Red China until it is ready to recognize the rights of other nations and until its actions reveal some real restraint from within—not just the kind of external restraint we have been applying in Korea.

Second, admission of the Peking régime to the United Nations (and, for that matter, diplomatic recognition by our own government) should not mean substituting it for the Nationalist Government of Chiang Kai-shek, now on Formosa. There are, as a matter of fact, two Chinas. If the Peking régime supplanted the government of Chiang Kai-shek in the United Nations, many millions of Chinese citizens would remain unrepresented—the Formosans, the Chinese on Formosa, and the many Chinese elsewhere who prefer to be citizens of Nationalist China.

Third, United Nations membership is one thing; a permanent seat in the Security Council is a wholly different proposition. Admission of Peking to the United Nations *may* have practical advantages if it is part of a deal that really helps deter further aggression in Asia. But it is hard to see any practical advantage accruing from a Chinese Communist seat, complete with veto, in the Security Council. A better scheme would be to take this occasion to review the whole question of permanent membership in the Security Council.

It is certainly a sound principle for one of the permanent seats to be held by a major Asian power. Nationalist China is no longer in this category. Communist China has clearly disqualified itself. Fortunately, there is another nation that is very well qualified to serve on the Security Council. It has a democratic form of government. It now acts as the conscience of Asia. It is in the free world but sufficiently independent in its foreign policy to have stayed clear of formal alliances with either of the major groups of powers. This nation is India. India is now policing the truce in Korea—an assignment that probably could not have been given, with the agreement of all concerned, to any other nation on earth. The United Nations would benefit if India were one of the Big Five in the Security Council.

A Game of Patience

We are still schooled in the illusion, inherited from our history, that after wars there are peace conferences at which all outstanding problems are settled. This illusion, damaged by the postwar experience in Europe, will probably be totally shattered by the political talks on Korea.

Having once had the misfortune to conduct a negotiation with the Chinese Communists, the writer can report that their negotiators are likely to be intellectually rigid, uninterested in the views or even the feelings of their adversaries, meticulous in parroting their instructions, partial to the technique of broadcasting their position first and discussing it later, and remarkably free with insults.

They will also operate on the sound theory that Westerners are usually anxious to finish what they start as soon as possible. They know that impatient people often make real concessions in exchange for time.

WE AND OUR United Nations partners will succeed in closing the door on Chinese aggression only as the Communists come to believe that the price of aggression is too high, that it is better to try to be a nation among nations than an adventurer deterred from adventures by western military power. If they see the nations of the free world, especially those of Asia, drawing together in a common attitude toward China, developing their productive capacities with U.S. help, and continuously backed by the armed strength of the United States, they will conclude that time is not on their side after all. Diplomatic skill at the conference table will have to be supported by U.S. actions far removed from the scene of the talks: military preparedness, technical aid, and political agreements in a dozen friendly capitals from Seoul and Tokyo around to New Delhi and Karachi.

The political negotiations that are about to start may go on, in one form or another, for a long time. If we go into them determined to put a strict time limit on the talks, or if we hold up anything else we ought to be doing until we see how they come out, we are licked from the start.

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CORRESPONDENCE

'THE PURGERS AND THE PURGED'

To the Editor: In my view, your July 21 number is the best job that has been done on McCarthyism. So many confused liberals fail to see the real issue when they state that they object to McCarthy's method but not his purpose. I not only object to McCarthy's methods; I also object to what appears to me to be his purpose. Of course, one cannot be sure of a man's purpose until the record is complete, as that would involve an accurate reading of his inner motivations. However, I think the record is now sufficiently complete to indicate that McCarthy's purpose is not to ferret out Communists.

If that were his purpose, I would be in agreement with it, though still objecting to his methods. But since the record fails to show that his activities have in any instance been the least bit embarrassing to any person in the United States who was of current value to the Communist Party, while at the same time these activities have seriously weakened the efforts of the United States in opposing international Communism, I cannot find myself in agreement with his objectives.

The series of articles in the July 21 issue of *The Reporter* does not fall into the error of agreeing with McCarthy's objectives but disagreeing with his methods. This kind of sophisticated approach is the most effective in protecting our liberties against McCarthyism, and that is why I so much appreciate the job that your magazine has accomplished.

NELSON H. CRUIKSHANK
Washington

To the Editor: In the present crisis of freedom one particularly virulent factor is the irresponsible use of unsupported accusations and the glorification of the new class of informers who make them. It has been frequently noted that just as the accusers are called to account on some fresh accusation, they confuse the picture and ignore the defense by turning their spray guns of accusation in some new and unexpected direction.

It may be interesting to note the instructions of the Emperor Hadrian early in the second century as they appear in a rescript to Caius Minucius Fundamus, Proconsul of Asia, relating to the prosecution of Christians:

". . . it is not my pleasure to pass by without inquiry the matter referred to me, lest the inoffensive should be disturbed, while slanderous informers are afforded an opportunity of practicing their vile trade. . . . If therefore anyone accuses and proves that the aforesaid men do anything contrary to the laws, you will pass sentences corresponding to their offenses. On the other hand, I emphatically insist on this, *that if anyone demand a writ of summons against any of these Christians, merely as a slanderous accusation, you proceed against that man with heavier penalties, in proportion to the gravity of his offense.*"

REV. BRUCE MORGAN
Princeton, New Jersey

To the Editor: The first comment I would make on your July 21 issue is that publications which do a good job of exposing McCarthyism are, unfortunately, generally circulated among readers whose eyes are already open. The same misfortune applies to speakers, which leads me to my second comment. Let me take the liberty of quoting from a talk I made to the New Jersey CIO staff last month:

"Thanks to Senator McCarthy and those who have surrendered to his point of view, the official outlook of the United States Government has changed. Today we are not just hunting down Communists; we are hunting down a type of person known as a 'security risk.'

"What kind of person is a 'security risk' today—and therefore unsuitable for government employment? The answer is very simple, but at the same time very sweeping. Any person is a 'security risk' who has tried, at some time in his life, to bring about reforms in our political or economic system. In particular, almost any socialist, past or present, is a 'security risk.' Anyone who believes in Federal projects for the general good, such as health insurance, public housing, FEPC, TVA, restrictions on fraudulent advertising; or who believes in free expression for unpopular opinions, or especially who is in any way critical of private enterprise, is a 'security risk.' . . . How do you suppose this attitude strikes our friends in Europe and Asia? It makes a 'security risk' out of every one of them, from ditch-digger to Prime Minister.

"Whether we like it or not, there is no 'free enterprise' party in Europe or Asia. Our friends—those who believe as we do in a free political society—are almost 100% socialistic in their economic thinking. By our standards, even the 'conservatives' are economic radicals . . .

"How do you suppose the European man in the street reacts when he hears that in America, socialists are in the same class with Communists? How does the worker in India like the idea that Americans are reluctant to help any country which does not have 'free enterprise'?

"I think we are in serious trouble. I am afraid that unless we do something to counteract the impression we are making abroad, we will drive away the friends we have left. They will give up on us—and they will try to make the best terms they can with the Soviet Union. . . .

"We must make it clear, abroad as well as at home, that the American labor movement does not share the McCarthy view on 'security risks'; that we are not a part of the hysteria about 'subversives'; that we do in fact knew the difference between a Communist conspirator and a liberty-loving radical, and the difference between 'free enterprise' and freedom."

It strikes me that your July 21 issue provides conclusive evidence in support of this idea; for if the labor movement and liberal-minded organizations don't do the job, who will do it?

EMIL RIEVE
General President
Textile Workers Union of America
New York City

OUR DOUG

To the Editor:

Genial, kindly Doug McKay,
Now he works for Uncle Sam,
And certainly not a soul would say
That he doesn't give a dam.

KENNETH L. HOLMES
Eugene, Oregon

THE FOURTH ESTATE

To the Editor: The story "How to Embalm a Newspaper" by James Munves in the August 4 issue of *The Reporter* is simply a story about one newspaper and one newspaper publisher, both odious.

However, to say, as you do in "Who, What, Why," that Mr. Munves writes about "a typical small-town newspaper" is untrue.

Albert C. Frost and the Dawndale *Item* may be typical of a few small-town newspapers, but Mr. Munves and *The Reporter* could have determined with a little research that the majority of weekly newspapers in the United States are doing an honest and able job of rendering service to their communities.

RALPH H. TURNER
Publisher
The Temple City *Times*
Temple City, California

To the Editor: Referring to "The Commentators" by Marya Mannes in the August 4 issue, permit me to say that any discussion of the network commentators should include the name of Chet Huntley of American Broadcasting Company, who in my opinion is the best of them all. This man has integrity. He is fair and he is articulate.

R. E. WALLACE
Vista, California

[*We are in wholehearted agreement with Mr. Wallace's high opinion of Chet Huntley. Many commentators whom we respect greatly were not mentioned in Miss Mannes's brief list. There are others, as she wrote, who tell ". . . the truth as they find it, daily and nightly."*]

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The People Speak In a People's Democracy

NORBERT MUHLEN

On June 16, 1953, Horst Schlaffke got up at 4:30 A.M., as he did on every weekday. His work on the construction of east Berlin's Stalin Allee began at 6:30, and it was a long way from his suburb. He was very sleepy when his mother served him his breakfast—a cup of ersatz coffee and three slices of bread. There had been no butter in the neighborhood shops for the last year, and no margarine or sugar since Christmas.

Horst is twenty-five. His blond hairline is already receding, and his face is marked by deep lines which make him look almost middle-aged. A long time ago in an almost unreal past, when he was sixteen, after happy childhood days in the Hitler Youth, Horst volunteered for secret missions behind the Russian front and was captured by a Russian patrol. A few days later, Nazi Germany surrendered. When he heard the news Horst wept for days.

In prisoner-of-war cages, slave-labor camps, and coal mines from Poland to central Russia he learned—in addition to Polish and Russian—the art of surviving in a hostile, alien world. When teachers—German Communist refugees and Soviet citizens—came to his camp to lecture Hitler's lost legions on the theory and practice of Marxism-Leninism-Stalinism, Horst—with great reluctance, yet groping for a new faith—came to believe them. But when he compared the theories with the realities, he turned away again.

At twenty-two, after five years in captivity, he was released, and he returned to his mother in East Germany, which had become part, parcel, and copy of his Soviet prison. He hated uniforms, "politics" (by which he understood the big words with which dictators cheat the aspirations of their slaves), hunger, and *Unfreiheit*—the lack of liberty.

Horst could do little but withdraw increasingly into himself. Once on a holiday after a few glasses of beer, he let himself go and started a brawl with some uniformed Communist boys—for which he was heavily fined.

Workers' Paradise

Sleepy and sullen, Horst Schlaffke arrived at his place of work at exactly 6:30 on the morning of June 16, 1953. He had no inkling of the fact that soon some would call him a revolutionary hero and others would call him a Wall Street agent.

Horst worked as a construction mechanic in Stalin Allee, the show place of East Germany's capital city. Once the rather ugly main boulevard of a workers' district, lined by dreary tenement houses, the whole street had been bombed and burned out of existence in the war. While most of east Berlin remained in ruins, Stalin Allee was being rebuilt with luxury apartments and fancy shops reserved for higher Socialist Unity Party bigwigs. The People's Democratic government took eastern schoolchildren and western foreign correspondents on guided tours to Stalin Allee to impress them with the achievements of socialism.

Horst worked on Block G-South with about fifty others, most of them in his age group or older. He earned 1.52 marks (East) per hour. With a monthly income of 280 marks—roughly the average of what most East German workers made—he could eke out a living if he ate meat no oftener than once a week and forgot about milk, fruits, and cigarettes.

In the previous weeks, Horst—like all his colleagues on the Stalin Allee—had been preoccupied with, and angry about, what was called the "increase of norms." The "norm" was established by the party planners as the average performance in a certain industry, according to which wage standards were set. In the beginning of May, the Communist representatives on Stalin Allee—the trade-union officials, shop stewards, and leaders of shock workers' and Stakhanovite brigades—had tried to propagandize a "voluntary increase of norms," supposedly to be requested by the workers themselves to show their enthusiasm.

On June 12, Horst and his colleagues had been called from work to listen to a union official read them the draft of a letter they were to sign: "After careful discussions the colleagues have agreed to a general increase of their norms at an average of ten per cent, retroactive to May 1." They were outraged. Horst said, "Let's not sign. Let's protest to the directorate."

Half an hour later, fifteen functionaries of party, union, and directorate arrived. They mingled with the different groups of workers and began telling them what Horst called "the old rubbish they've been telling us for five years now—that we have to work harder in order to live better later on." The protests of the workers became so loud and pointed that the functionaries grew nervous about attracting a crowd. They suggested moving to one of the half-finished halls on the plot.

There a heated discussion developed. The workers resolved to call for a general meeting on the following morning at eleven. Early the

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following morning, more than twenty functionaries arrived, and each gathered around himself a group of workers to whom he began making vague promises. At eleven these discussions were still going on, and the workers forgot all about their meeting, although Horst walked from one of the groups to another to remind them. When work stopped at noon, nothing had happened.

Horst was furious. He realized that the workers had been tricked. On Sunday he saw a short report of the Stalin Allee events in the west Berlin paper that he secretly read every Sunday, and for a moment he was proud.

Der Tag

On the morning of Monday, June 16, Horst began discussing with his co-workers an editorial that had appeared in *Tägliche Rundschau*, the official daily of the Soviet High Commission. Under the heading AWAY WITH THE SLEDGEHAMMER, it reaffirmed the "new course" that the government had announced a few weeks before. It promised a more humane and tolerant policy, and admitted that the government had made many mistakes and errors in the past years by being too tough.

At 9:15 Horst looked down from his scaffold three stories up and saw a parade. It was the 250 workers of Block 40, the next lot on the project, marching down the street and calling to him and his co-workers: "We're demonstrating against the new norms. Come join us." Without a moment's deliberation, Horst hurried down his scaffold and joined the marchers. So did all the other workers on his lot except for a few foremen. The crowd marched to every block in the Stalin Allee project, and after they had completed the rounds and had been joined by almost all of the workers, they marched toward the center of east Berlin.

In eight years of Soviet occupation and twelve of Nazi rule this was the first protest march in Berlin. Horst marched only to express his feeling of anger. He did not know in which direction he was marching or toward what goal. He did not think what the consequences might be for himself or for the others. The others felt the same way. They had no plan, no concrete aim, no leaders. They simply wanted to protest.

The marchers, at that moment, consisted of the more than three thousand "men of the Stalin Allee," as they immediately began to be called. Horst suddenly became—he did not know how—a voice, if not a leader, of the marching crowd; he "built," as he expressed it, a rhyme, ran from group to group with it, and then joined the first rank again to open the chorus:

"Berliner, reiht euch ein,
"Wir wollen freie Menschen sein."

("Berliners join the ranks, we want to be free men.") Berliners answered by climbing down the scaffolds of other building lots, leaving their factories and joining the marchers. On their way toward the center of the city the marchers met only a few of the usually ubiquitous People's Police, who quickly retreated. Some waved at them.

The marchers passed the university and invited the students to join them; next they passed the Soviet Embassy, which towers over the ruins of the city. The demonstrators did not even look at it, a gesture that revealed their intent to demonstrate only against their German labor leaders and the government. New choruses had come up when they arrived at the Brandenburg Gate on the border of west Berlin, where they turned eastward again.

NEAR THE border stands the large building complex that Hermann Goering built for his Air Ministry, and which now is the seat of the East German government. When the marchers arrived before it, the People's Police quickly locked the large main gate to protect the People's Government from the people. The people answered with invective, in which the Berlin dialect is particularly rich.

Horst, like all the other demonstrators, felt a change coming over the crowd. Suddenly, without the marchers' even knowing, much less planning it, the government itself was being challenged before a court in which the people were the prosecutors.

Looking up toward the offices of their rulers, the people saw windows being closed in a hurry; only a few faces could be seen—looking at first flabbergasted, then frightened.

Presently the crowd was chanting: "Down with the norms! We want to see Ulbricht and Grotewohl!" Walter Ulbricht, the leader of the Socialist Unity Party, and Otto Grotewohl, the once-Socialist chief of government, were generally and correctly considered the two most powerful East German leaders. To call for them like this came dangerously close to rebellion. But it was some time before the workers realized it.

First two Ministers in charge of economic affairs, Rau and Selbmann, appeared at the windows and quickly disappeared again when the crowd booed. In their stead a courageous lady, Fräulein Walser, an Under Secretary of State, introduced herself as spokesman of the government. The crowd misunderstood the announcement, and yelled that they did not want to hear "Walter's [Ulbricht's] secretary but the Goatee himself." Then Selbmann descended to the courtyard to speak from atop a small table. The crowd was in an acid mood. Every word Selbmann said was answered with remarks poking fun at the fat belly, the manicured hands, and the generally unworker-like appearance of the Communist Minister.

As its next speaker, the government—revealing a remarkably profound misunderstanding of mass psychology—sent out a Communist professor named Havemann, who began to lecture the excited crowd on the economic bases and contradictions of their present situation, and the relation of heavy industries to consumer industries in a period of socialist reconstruction. In short, he talked what the workers call "party Chinese." After two or three minutes, the crowd howled him down.

The Workers' Turn

The workers now began to answer the government. One demonstrator after the other rose on the table and said a few words—gradually but inevitably extending their grievance from the question of the norms to the whole issue of freedom, spontaneous and self-propelled by the inner logic of rebellion.

A construction worker in white

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overalls was the first on the table. "Comrades," he said, "I've been five years in a Nazi concentration camp, and I don't care whether I have to sit another six years in another concentration camp—for our freedom." The crowd cheered wildly.

Next came a well-dressed woman in her middle thirties, apparently a member of what is called "the intelligentsia" in Soviet countries; with her shopping bag on her arm, she told the demonstrators that not only the workers but all decent people of East Germany stood on the side of the "men of the Stalin Allee in their protest for a better life." Again there was wild applause.

Now a blonde girl of twenty-one sprang onto the table. The crowd booed, for she wore the jacket of the Communist Free German Youth. She tore the jacket off and threw it contemptuously to her feet. Then she said that she had just discovered a number of Communist Youths in the crowd, sent there to spy and inform on the workers, and she warned the workers against her own former comrades. She said that she had marched with the men of the Stalin Allee because she had felt that their requests were just and that the government would immediately recognize their rightful grievances. When she realized that neither Ulbricht nor Grotewohl was going to appear, she had become an ex-Communist.

She was followed by a construction worker. "Comrades," he said, "the question isn't norms and prices any more. We are not only the men of the Stalin Allee, we stand for all east Berlin, all East Germany." He pointed to the windows behind which Ministers and functionaries were sitting, and addressed them: "What you're seeing here is a general people's uprising." Then he shouted: "The government has to take the consequences of its mistakes. We demand free general elections!"

No other speaker appeared. When all fell silent, the crowd became uneasy. Horst felt it. To overcome the mood, he rose to the speaker's table and said: "If Grotewohl and Ulbricht aren't with us in half an hour, we'll march through Berlin and call for a general strike." For a second, there was silence again—the general strike had not been known in Germany for thirty years, and many young people did not even realize what it meant.

On the March Again

Slowly, with new rhymed choruses, the marchers began to move again.

When the marchers passed the Polizei-Präsidium, People's Police succeeded in snatching two demonstrators from the crowd of tens of thousands and dragging them into their building. The crowd stopped and announced that they would storm the building if the two men were not released immediately. They

were released. The marchers proceeded back to the Stalin Allee and to their other points of origin. A few People's Police who stood in the way were beaten up, but in general everything went peacefully.

At 6:30 P.M. Horst and some of his colleagues met in a little saloon near Stalin Allee over a glass of beer. They agreed to meet again the next morning for their march to Strassbergerplatz, a central square of east Berlin where the general strike was to be proclaimed. After this Horst crossed secretly over to west Berlin, where he had a girl friend. The girl friend had a radio. He wanted to hear what RIAS, the radio station in the American sector, had to report about this day. "I hope they know about our strike," he said. RIAS had already given the news and later interrupted its regular programs to give further details.

NEXT morning, June 17, Horst overslept an hour. He rushed from his house without having washed or eaten, and was taken to Berlin by a friend on his bike. The friend, a worker in the municipal transport system, told him: "Today we're going to strike, too." When Horst came to Stalin Allee, the construction plots were already empty. He ran and joined the first rank.

It was rainy and the mood of the crowd was somewhat different—more serious and more determined. During the night, while listening to the radio and thinking over the events of the previous day, many had realized that they had embarked on a course of action from which there was no return.

While the men of Stalin Allee were marching toward Strassbergerplatz, large columns of other workers met them from everywhere, coming from all the factories of east Berlin and its suburbs. But today there were also large gatherings of People's Police at many points. When the first ranks approached a Ministry on its way to the meeting, twenty truckloads of police formed a human chain and tried to stop the march. But the workers were pushed forward by those behind. Again they had to move forward, this time against the police, who drew their nightsticks and started hitting out. The workers responded with stones gathered from the ruins nearby, and the police cordon was dissolved.

Achtung! Panzer!

At 9 A.M. Russian armored cars showed up and drove at full speed into a demonstrating crowd on the Alexanderplatz. The demonstrators escaped in time. From then on, smaller brawls with the People's Police became the order of the day. At eleven the crowd milled again near Brandenburg Gate. On the spur of the moment two boys climbed the structure and tore down the red flag.

When the two boys who had taken down the red flag returned to the top of the Brandenburg Gate to raise a new republican flag, a long line of Soviet T-34 tanks appeared. At first there was no shooting, but after a short time, apparently on radioed orders, they began to fire at random. Their machine guns were the government's answer to the shouts of the masses. Soviet infantry appeared; People's Police with carbines at the ready were suddenly all over town, and often they fired too. A few kiosks

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and two large buildings—one a state-owned ration-free department store, the other a state-owned de luxe restaurant for government functionaries—went up in flames. People fought a hopeless battle against tanks—Horst watched them attacking tanks with stones, even with canes. Several dozen people were killed or wounded. At 1:30 P.M., by proclamation of the Soviet commander of Berlin, Major General Dibrowa, martial law was decreed. Gatherings of more than three persons were to be punished by court-martial. But it was hours before everyone had left the streets.

At 5:30, when the news came by word of mouth that the streets to west Berlin were being blocked by People's Police and Russian troops, Horst made his way to the West and escaped at the last moment.

The Widening Ripples

When I met Horst, he was sitting in a west Berlin room with a number of other very recent refugees—none of them from Berlin. But their memories of June 17 were quite similar to Horst's.

It was several days before Horst, the people in Berlin, and the world learned than on June 17 the rebellion in east Berlin had had its counterparts throughout East Germany. The news leaked through to the free world slowly.

The stories of the uprisings were surprisingly similar everywhere. It seems that the uniformity of totalitarian rule and pressure creates a great deal of uniformity in counter-pressure and resistance. When the workers of East Germany came to work on the morning of June 17, at least a few reported what they had heard over the west Berlin radio station the previous night: "They are calling a protest strike against the government." And everywhere they decided to do the same.

In most factories, strike committees were elected. As in Berlin, the chanted slogans demanded a change in the system of norms, prices, and wages, release of all political prisoners, and finally free, secret general elections. Often the demonstrators went first to the prisons to ask for the release of political prisoners; only when their requests were refused did they storm the prisons and free the inmates. Once inside they saw emaciated prisoners, torture cells, and torture instruments.

Yet in every case they refrained from taking the weapons of the disarmed guards and police for themselves. In the first place, they wanted to avoid bloodshed—a revolutionary pacifism unheard of in history. In the second place, they assumed—rationalizing their wishful thinking—that if order were maintained, the Soviet occupying power would stand by neutrally or even support their claims against a German government that had proved incompetent. In a few cases, the workers occupied the local radio stations and post offices, and in many cases they took the local municipal buildings.

For approximately six hours—from nine in the morning to three in the afternoon, when martial law was decreed throughout East Germany under the protection of blazing Soviet tanks—a fraction of power remained in the hands of the rebels. Yet they were not yet prepared or willing to use it to the full, or to extend it.

THE GOVERNMENT and the Soviet Army, therefore, were free to resume power. The fact that they hesitated to do so for at least eighteen hours after Berlin had declared the general strike proved that they were aware of the dangers and difficulties such a situation involved. When they finally acted, their surprise and lack of purpose were revealed. While the tanks were firing, the government announced its decision to revise the norms and to admit its "actual mistake in setting them down previously." In the next few days, the government insisted that the uprising was not a strike but the work of western Wall Street-directed saboteurs and secret agents; at the same time, it announced the further softening of its "new course."

Then it arrested the Minister of Justice, Max Fechner, who had declared that not all the strikers and strike leaders were criminals, and appointed in his place the ruthless Hilde Benjamin, a woman notorious for the merciless sentences she had meted out as People's Chief Judge in the past year. While it promised the workers new concessions (and made some, for instance, in the wage rates of miners and salespeople), while it released pastors and priests from jail and tried to appease religious groups, peasants, youth groups, and "cultural deviationists," it started mass arrests of strikers. Wavering between the tendency to forestall new explosions by concessions and the opposite tendency to suppress the workers' unrest with more terror, it tried to apply both at the same time. However, it seems that the simultaneous use of whips and carrots had an effect opposite to the desired one. The offerings were taken by the workers as new proof of the government's weakness and incited them to more open protests.

June 17 changed three things in East Germany. First, the government lost its last shreds of prestige as a workers' government. Second, it lost much of its aura of strength and inviolability. Finally, East Germans now realize that they are not isolated dissidents when they reject their régime, but parts of a real community every member of which rejects its rulers. All this has led to a changed atmosphere, not dissimilar to the mood prevailing in Nazi-occupied Norway and Czechoslovakia shortly before their liberation.

"What we did on Stalin Allee those two June days," Horst said reflectively after he had told me his story, "was little more than lighting a match." He looked at the smoke of the cigarette he had just lit. "But if you throw a match into a haystack," he added, "the whole thing goes up."

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The Kremlin Triumvirs: One Down, Two to Go

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

LAVRENTI BERIA'S downfall, announced July 10, marks the end of a distinct phase in Russia's political evolution after Stalin. During that phase which lasted from March till the end of June the advocates of reform at home and conciliation abroad were in the ascendant, while the diehards of Stalinism and the "anti-appeasers" were compelled to yield one position after another. The East German revolt of June 16-17 brought into play a new factor that discomfited the reformers and conciliators and allowed their opponents to strike a counterblow, the first since Stalin's death. To the world's amazement, Beria, Stalin's henchman, admiring biographer, and for many years chief policeman, was denounced as the arch-traducer of Stalinism.

The Beria affair is undoubtedly an incident in the personal rivalry among Stalin's successors. It represents one stage in the process by which a candidate for the vacant post of the autocrat may strive to eliminate his competitors. But personal rivalry is only one of the elements of the drama, and in itself it is of secondary importance. More significant is the conflict of principles and policies hidden behind the clash of personalities.

FROM March to the middle of June one domestic reform followed upon another in close succession. The Stalin cult was virtually abolished. A campaign of "enlightenment" was in progress, designed to make it impossible to replace that cult by the adulation of any other leader. The administration was being overhauled and shaken from its Byzantine totalitarian rigidity. A fairly comprehensive amnesty was decreed. The frame-up of the Kremlin doctors was declared null and void. The inquisitorial methods of the political police were bluntly condemned. The rule of law was proclaimed. Strong emphasis was placed on the constitutional rights of the citizen. Newspapers asked almost openly for the abolition of censorship and official control. The need for the "monolithic" outlook was implicitly and even explicitly questioned.

The relaxation of overcentralization in government was noticeable above all in the dismissal of Russifiers from high office in the Ukraine, in Georgia, and in other outlying republics. Russification was emphatically disavowed. Together with the cessation of anti-Semitic incitement, these moves promised a new and hopeful beginning in the treatment of the smaller nationalities.

Sweetness and Light

Last but not least, the government ordered a revision of the targets of the current economic plans. Consumer industries were to raise their output. A higher standard of living and contentment of the masses were obviously regarded as vital preconditions for the success of the new policy.

A new spirit made itself felt in the conduct of foreign affairs. Moscow consistently exercised its influence in favor of a truce in Korea, and not even Syngman Rhee's provocations diverted the Russians (or their Asian allies) from this path.

In Europe Malenkov's Government began to explore the lines of retreat from Germany.

After General Chuikov had been recalled from Berlin the whole policy of the Pieck-Ulbricht Government was dramatically reversed. The Iron Curtain between East and West Germany was nearly demolished. Labor policy was revised. The struggle between the government and the Evangelical Church was called off, and the church regained its former privileges. Collectivization of farming was halted. The farmers who had fled to West Germany were invited to come back and take possession of their property. Private capital was also invited to return to industry and trade.

From the Russian viewpoint these moves made no sense at all unless they were part and parcel of a policy calculated to bring about the unification of Germany and the withdrawal of occupation armies. There was little doubt in Berlin that Moscow was really prepared to abandon the Government of Pieck and Ulbricht. So strongly indeed did Soviet representatives in Berlin encourage this belief and so frankly did they negotiate with non-Communist leaders about a change of the régime that by this alone the Russians themselves unwittingly induced the people of Berlin to descend upon the streets, to clamor for the resignation of the Communist Government, and to storm the government offices. "Russia is willing to abandon its puppets—let us remove them at once!"—this was the idea behind the German revolt.

The week before, on June 10, Moscow established diplomatic relations with Austria and proclaimed an end to the régime of occupation there. Restrictions on interzonal traffic were abolished in Austria as well. And on the same day, as a

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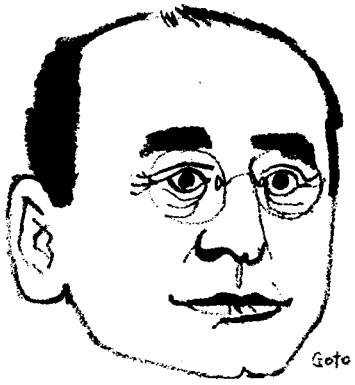

Beria

sideline, Moscow solemnly renounced all its claims on Turkey, the claims that had played a fateful role in the opening phase of the cold war.

What was surprising in all these developments, domestic and foreign, was their extraordinary consistency and apparently frictionless progress.

Was it possible, one wondered, that the diehards of Stalinism and other opponents of "appeasement" should be so weak and discredited that they were unable to put a brake upon the new course?

WHERE did Beria stand in all this? To which faction did he belong? In *Russia: What Next?* I expressed the supposition that "in the inner councils of the party Beria did not necessarily represent the anti-liberal attitude of the police," that he may, on the contrary, have acted against the "diehards of the police" as one of the promoters of reform.

This supposition appears to have been borne out by the facts. In the last period of his activity Beria represented the curious paradox of a semiliberal police chief in a totalitarian state. The period up to the East German revolt might indeed be described as Beria's Hundred Days.

Beria took upon himself the responsibility for two major political acts, two unforgivable "crimes" in the eyes of the Stalinists and their associates. First he humiliated the political police when he exposed its practices in connection with the "doctors' plot." Next he offended Great Russian chauvinism when he, a Georgian, called for an end to Russification in Georgia, in the Ukraine, in the Baltic lands, and in Central Asia.

Both these acts, the former more explicitly than the latter, had ostensibly been endorsed by the other party leaders. But as Minister of the Interior Beria was identified with these acts more closely than anybody else. No wonder that some of the old hands of the political police, resentfully straining to recover their sacred right to extort "confessions" from their victims, and the Great Russian chauvinists joined hands to wreak vengeance on him.

Beria was less directly associated with the conduct of foreign affairs; but as a member of the Politburo (now the Presidium), he exercised a strong influence in that field too. Beria certainly had a decisive say in the affairs of East Germany and generally of eastern Europe, which had a direct bearing on Russia's internal security, and thus his opponents could easily blame him for "appeasement" as well as for the domestic reforms.

The Opposition

From March to mid-June Beria acted in close alliance with Malenkov. Together they swayed the Presidium, probably against Molotov's and certainly against Khrushchev's opposition or semi-opposition. Jointly they represented the strongest bloc of power within the Presidium. The new policy aroused great hopes and was undoubtedly very popular, and as long as this was so nobody could challenge Malenkov's and Beria's joint authority.

Against this interpretation the old argument may be advanced that under a totalitarian régime the states of the popular mind and the social, cultural, and moral trends at work in society are of no political importance. In his criticism of *Russia: What Next?* (in the July 7, 1953, *Reporter*) Mr. George F. Kennan, for instance, wrote: ". . . the majority of . . . students of modern totalitarianism . . . would be inclined to . . . feel that if the ruling group remains united, vigilant, and ruthless, it need not defer extensively to, or be seriously influenced by, subjective feelings within the populace at large."

And again: "In general, totalitarian leaders who retain their internal unity and their ruthlessness can scoff at subjective states of the popular mind . . ."

Mr. Kennan's words, written before Beria's fall, reflected an assumption that there was no need for western policy to take into account any genuine divisions within the Soviet ruling group because no such divisions existed. This assumption has been proved wrong. But what conclusion is to be drawn from the fact that the Soviet ruling group does not "remain united" and does not "retain its internal unity"? Surely the "subjective states of the popular mind" do acquire some political significance thereby. And those states of mind may in part even account for the differences within the ruling group itself.

FROM the beginning, however, the forces opposed to the Malenkov-Beria policy were formidable. The old hands of the political police were not idle. Some party stalwarts were shocked by the break with the established canons of Stalinism. Some chiefs of armed forces pondered with alarm the implications of the quasi-liberal reforms: Would the reforms not cause a slump in labor discipline and imperil the armament programs? By dint of tradition the army has been the mouthpiece of Great Russian chauvinism and has viewed with suspicion and hostility the "centrifugal" nationalisms of the outlying republics. Some marshals and generals could not adopt a favorable attitude toward a foreign policy obviously directed toward an eventual withdrawal from Germany and Austria.

But the coalition of shocked

Ulbricht

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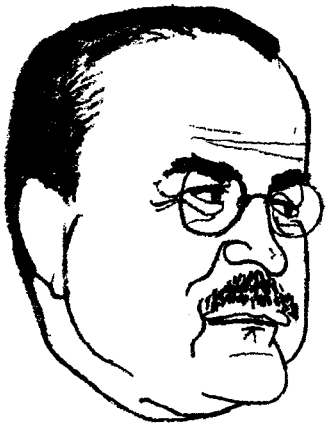


Molotov

Stalinists, resentful policemen, and anxious generals was helpless as long as the new policy was triumphantly carried forward on a tide of popular enthusiasm.

The Trigger: Berlin

The first hitches apparently occurred on the home front. To judge from circumstantial evidence, labor discipline did slump in industry and collective farms lagged with food deliveries. But these troubles were either not grave enough to permit the opponents of the new policy to launch a frontal attack on it or else they did not provide convenient ground for such an attack.

It was East Germany that gave the opponents of the new policy the opportunity they had eagerly awaited.

The Germans who on June 16 and 17 surged into the streets, clamoring for the dismissal of the Government of Pieck and Ulbricht, assaulting the People's Police, and meeting Russian tanks with a hail of stones, did in fact bring about an upheaval; but the upheaval took place in Moscow, not in Berlin.

Almost certainly a cry against "appeasement" went up at once within the walls of the Kremlin. Army chiefs could now argue that it was the army that had to bear the consequences of the neck-breaking political experiments started by the civilians; that order had reigned in East Germany as long as General Chuikov ruled there with an iron hand; that the trouble began as soon as the General had been replaced by Semyenov as High Commissioner and a civilian régime had been established; and that then it was the army that had to rescue that régime.

Starting from the German issue, the critics could turn against the new policy as a whole. They could point out that not only Germany but the West at large was receiving Russian concessions as proof of Russian weakness, and that Washington in particular was using these concessions as the starting point for an intensified onslaught on Russia's positions in eastern and central Europe.

Moreover, the ruling group saw that the new policy was indeed becoming a source of weakness for Russia. It plunged the whole of eastern Europe into a turmoil; it caused a rapid deterioration in Russia's bargaining position; it tempted American diplomacy to pass from "containment" to "liberation"; and it threatened to rob Russia of the hastily garnered fruits of its victory in the Second World War without any compensating gains.

BUT AFTER the earthquake in East Germany, after the tremors in Hungary and Czechoslovakia, after all the calls for a tough policy that resounded from Washington, the argument against "appeasement" carried more weight in the Kremlin.

In Russia as in the United States there exist groups which hold the view that all peace seeking is futile; these groups view with *Schadenfreude* any setback suffered by the conciliators. The position of such groups was now greatly enhanced.

There is no reason, however, to assume that after June 16 and 17 these extremists became the real masters of Soviet policy. The core of the ruling group still consists of men prepared to seek agreement with the West. But even the men of the "Center" must have been affected by the arguments against "appeasement." They had to admit that the conduct of Soviet policy since Stalin's death had been inept in some respects.

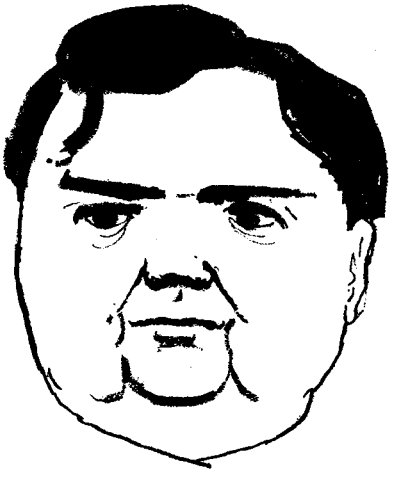
Official spokesmen had confidently stated many times that the government would never accept Washington's demand that Russia must yield substantial ground before the West opened negotiations. In fact, Malenkov's Government behaved as if it had tacitly accepted that demand.

Even from the viewpoint of the Soviet "appeaser," the initiation of the mild course in East Germany turned out to be premature. It provoked a near collapse of the Communist régime there. From the Soviet viewpoint it would have been justifiable to take such risks only after the West had agreed to an all-round withdrawal of the occupation armies.

Thus even the men of the "Center" who had hitherto backed the new policy had to recognize the need for a change in tone and perhaps in tactics, even if they were not at all inclined to give up the quest for "peaceful coexistence." Finding themselves under deadly fire from the extreme groups, they were all too eager to disclaim responsibility for the "appeasement" of recent months and to throw the blame for it on someone else.

The East German revolt also provided an opening for an attack on domestic reform. To be sure, not all the adherents of conciliation abroad also stood for reform at home, and not all the reformers need have been appeasers. Nevertheless, there was a broad correspondence between the two aspects of policy, and amid the tension created by events in Germany both aspects became vulnerable.

THE SENSE of security and the optimism that had characterized Russia's mood in the spring were gone. The cry for vigilance resounded anew and with fresh vigor. Soldier, policeman, and Stalinist stalwart could point accusing fingers at



Malenkov

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the advocates of reform: "'Your policy," they could say, "has already brought disaster in Berlin and caused dangerous trouble in Budapest and Prague. Soon it may bring disaster nearer home. In Moscow the people are already whispering about an impending depreciation of the ruble, and the Minister of Finance was compelled to speak about this in public. Discipline is becoming slack in the factories. Trouble is brewing in the collective farms. The newspapers in their newfangled zeal for free criticism are sapping popular respect for authority. If you are allowed to continue this policy, you will bring about a June 16 here in Moscow!"

Under this attack the alliance between Malenkov and Beria broke down. The attack was evidently powerful enough to make Malenkov feel that he could save his own position only by shifting his ground and throwing Beria to the wolves.

The Scapegoat

Beria was in a peculiarly vulnerable position. His name had been associated with the darkest aspects of Stalinism in the last fifteen years—with concentration camps, mass deportations and thought control, with the Iron Curtain, and with the purge trials in the satellite countries. He had performed all the unsavory jobs assigned to him by Stalin. Yet after his master's death he unmasked himself as a *dvurushnik*, and a "liberal" at heart. His own police despised him as a "liberal," and the people hated him as the chief of the police. His head, the head that belonged to the "most powerful and most dreaded man of Russia," was therefore the easiest prize to win for the opponents of reform. Both the police and the people almost certainly rejoiced at his downfall—for contradictory reasons.

On the face of it, the fall of Beria might be seen as a necessary stage in Russia's democratic evolution, and Malenkov has vaguely presented it thus. The chief accusation he leveled against Beria was that Beria had conspired to place the political police above party and government. Beria, so Malenkov stated, carried out the recent reforms only because he had to. These reforms having been decided on the joint initiative of the Central Committee and the Presidium, Beria pretended to carry them out loyally, while in fact he obstructed their execution. As if to confirm this version, the Central Committee restated its criticism of the Stalin cult, its opposition to the adulation of any leader, and its determination to secure "collective leadership," free debate, and the rule of law.

If this were all, one might indeed see the downfall of Beria as a further stage in Russia's revulsion against Stalinism. But this is not all.

What is ominous in this grim affair is, of course, not Beria's downfall but the manner in which it was brought about. He was denounced as a traitor and an enemy of the party and the people, as an agent of foreign imperialism who aimed at the restoration of capitalism. This amalgam of the Stalinist purges of the 1930's makes a mockery of the claim of the ruling group that it defended the principle of collective leadership against Beria. That principle implies unhampered expression of political differences within the leading group and ultimately within the party as a whole. But who will dare to speak his mind freely when he has reason to fear that for this he may be denounced as traitor and foreign agent? The Stalinist amalgam rules out free discussion and consequently "collective leadership."

If it was possible to see a promise of democratic regeneration in Russia after Stalin's death, this was so because denunciations of this sort had disappeared; they were becoming rarer and rarer even during Stalin's last years. The many high officials demoted between March and June were not labeled foreign agents, spies, or adherents of capitalism. They were charged with concocting false accusations, abusing power, imposing policies of Russification, and so on. These were plausible charges, self-explanatory within a certain political context, and fitting in with the circumstances in which the dismissed men, whether guilty or not, had operated. The charges were made in a moderate and sober language in which there was no hint of a witch hunt.

In contrast to this, the accusations leveled against Beria were full of irrational, demonological overtones. The Soviet world was ordered to believe that the man who had been in charge of Russia's domestic security during the Second World War was an agent of foreign imperialism.

THE MEANING of the Beria affair emerges even more conclusively from the fact that his fall became the signal for a new drive against the "nationalisms" of the Georgians, Ukrainians, and other non-Russian nationalities. It was no coincidence that during the liberal spring, Great Russian chauvinism was kept in check and the need was proclaimed to give more scope to the aspirations and demands of the non-Russian republics.

Policy toward the smaller nations is the most sensitive barometer of the general atmosphere of the Soviet Union. Liberalization means less central control and more autonomy for non-Russians. Police rule implies strict centralization, and its tightening usually leads to a drive against the "bourgeois" nationalisms of the outlying republics.

Between March and June the talk was, characteristically, against utilizing the bogy of *"alleged* bourgeois nationalism" in the non-Russian regions. In what seemed a long-overdue act of historical justice the Russifiers were dismissed from office in Tiflis and Kiev. It should perhaps be recalled that the Stalin era began

Stalin

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precisely with a struggle against the "nationalist deviationists" in Georgia and the Ukraine. It was on this subject that Lenin, mortally ill, wrote his last great angry, stirring letter to the party. (The author has read the full text of this letter, which has remained unpublished to this day.) In it Lenin expressed the sense of shame and even of personal guilt which Stalin's drive against the nationalist deviationists had aroused in him. He warned the party against the Great Russian chauvinism of the Soviet bureaucracy and of Stalin in particular, against the barbarous violence of that "truly Russian Great Bully," who, evoking the need for strict central government, would oppress, insult, and humiliate the non-Russian nationalities. Lenin passionately argued that it would be a thousand times better for the Soviet Republic even to forgo the advantages of centralized government than "to deliver the smaller nationalities into the hands of the Great Russian Bully."

There was therefore a curious historical symmetry in the circumstance that immediately after Stalin's death the Georgian and Ukrainian issues reappeared on the agenda and that this time an attempt was made to to tame the "truly Russian Great Bully."

But the Great Bully seems to have come back to bait the "bourgeois" nationalists of Georgia and the Ukraine, and his return is the surest sign of some reaction against the progressive reforms of preceding months.

Who's Next?

Malenkov has apparently embarked upon the slippery road of purges even before he stands on his own feet. His leadership is not yet acknowledged. His position of power is not yet consolidated. He must still speak and act as one of a team. The party is "rallying" not "behind Comrade Malenkov" but "around the Central Committee." Malenkov's position today is not appreciably stronger than Beria's was yesterday.

If it was possible to overthrow Beria so easily, what guarantee is there that Malenkov cannot be disgraced with just as little effort? If party meetings could be so rapidly persuaded to acclaim the fall of one triumvir, may they not look upon the destruction of another with equal indifference?

The fate of Stalin's successors may yet prove less similar to that of Stalin than to that of Danton, Desmoulins, and Robespierre, who went in turn to the guillotine. It is, of course, also possible that after a series of purge trials Malenkov will finally emerge as the new autocrat.

The divisions in the ruling group reflect in the last instance conflicting pressures exerted upon it by outside forces which in the long run work either toward a military dictatorship or toward a democratic regeneration. The Beria affair therefore represents only one moment in the kaleidoscopic movement of contemporary Russian history.

The army chiefs no longer watch the scene in passivity and silence. Their influence was clearly discernible in the affair of the Kremlin doctors. It was even more distinct in the Beria affair. Without the army's assured support Malenkov would not have dared strike at Beria, who nominally still had the whole body of the political police under his orders, who at any rate could still rely on some section of the police to rally to his defense. It was no matter of chance that Moscow's press and radio gave so much prominence to the speeches against Beria made by Marshals Zhukov, Vasilevsky, Sokolovsky, Govorov, and others. During the great Stalinist purges the leaders of the officers' corps did not appear so conspicuously on the political stage. Even so, Stalin felt his position to be threatened by Tukhachevsky. How much more may Malenkov's position be imperiled by his marshals, whose military glory and popular appeal are far superior to Tukhachevsky's?

Zhukov

Paradoxically, the régime now seems to be making an attempt to repair that shattered prop—the political police—with the army's help. But for some time to come, until the Beria faction is completely eliminated, the political police will remain in a state of disarray, robbed of its normal striking power. Now more than ever the government will have to rely for its internal security on the army. It must take some time before the structure of power characteristic of Stalinism is restored, if it can be restored at all. Across this weakened structure lies the shadow of a potential Bonaparte.

NOR HAVE the forces vanished which drove the ruling group to decree the reforms of last spring, although at the moment they may have suffered a severe setback. The reforms could not have sprung merely from Beria's whim and ambition, or from anybody else's. They met a need felt deeply and widely by the nation. Malenkov and his associates still pay a tribute to the popular mood when they go on declaring that they intend to pursue the course initiated after Stalin's death. The popular mood compels them to tread a twisted path rather cautiously, and it may even compel them to keep part of their promise. Moreover, the recent reforms corresponded to Russia's new social structure and outlook, which, although formed during the Stalin era, have become incompatible with Stalinism.

No shift within the ruling group, no court intrigue, no coup or countercoup, and not even bloody purges can obliterate these basic factors, which continue to operate against the inertia of Stalinism. If they are not destroyed by a new world war and if they are not unduly cramped by fear of war, the popular mood and the needs of society will sooner or later force open the road to reform once again. And then they will keep it open more firmly than they did in the spring of 1953.

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'Operation Candor' Versus Atomic Secrecy

RALPH E. LAPP

AT A PRESS conference early this summer President Eisenhower was tossed one of the most explosive questions facing his Administration. Did he agree that "the United States government should make available to its Allies and the American people more information on atomic weapons, both ours and our estimates of the Russians?"

The President obviously recognized the nature of the question because he handled it like a short-fuzed stick of dynamite. He agreed that the time had come to be more frank with the American people than the government had been in the past, but he felt that to release atomic data the Atomic Energy Act would have to be amended. A few hours later when Representative W. Sterling Cole (R., New York), chairman of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, was queried on this point of procedure, he stated that no change in the law was required.

The fact that the President bobbled the question is curious, since his staff must have anticipated that some reporter would raise the issue. For several months pressure has been building up to let the American people and the world know the facts about the atomic arms race. Scientists such as Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer have become extremely worried in the course of the past year. Not that they have not been troubled in the past. Their concern has been increasing from the time our A-bomb project was first launched, and since then they have witnessed unparalleled developments in the new science of atomic warfare. A whole "family of atomic weapons" has been spawned. Uranium, the basic material for these atomic explosives, has been processed in billion-dollar plants and is now stockpiled by the ton. One needs only a relatively few pounds of the silvery-white metal to make an A-bomb. Our atomic stockpile is no longer measured in mere hundreds of bombs.

FURTHERMORE, our stockpile of nuclear weapons has had added to it within the past year a revolutionary new weapon – the thermonuclear bomb, popularly known as the hydrogen bomb. This superbomb, first detonated on November 1, 1952, has exceeded the calculations of the weapons experts. Its power requires a new unit—the "megaton" (one million tons of TNT)—for its description. A grim companion term, "megadeath," has also come into being. The Atomic Energy Commission has released no reports on the Eniwetok superbomb but this spring one of the commissioners made a little-publicized remark which shows why our scientists are worried:

"Had you been with me last fall, out in the Pacific at our Testing Station at Eniwetok," said Thomas E. Murray, "you would have no doubt that mankind now has within the range of his grasp means to exterminate the human race." This sort of thing has converted a number of nuclear physicists into social scientists.

While our atomic stockpile has been able to "keep ahead of the Soviets," the veritable mountain of bombs we have accumulated cannot eclipse the significant pile of Soviet A-weapons. What atomic experts have long argued—that you cannot count security in numbers of A-bombs—has finally found recognition at a policy level in the Atomic Energy Commission. Several months before Gordon Dean stepped down as chairman of the AEC, he ordered his experts to take a new look at Soviet capability in atomic weapons. As a result, AEC estimates of the Soviet stockpile have been revised upward.

Gordon Dean has not made public what these estimates are, but in his last press conference, on June 25, he urged that the facts about Soviet and U. S. stockpiles be told. "We have said many times that we are ahead of the Russians," the AEC Chairman stated in a dispassionate manner, much like a Wall Street broker commenting on the stock market, "but that is not enough. It does us no good to reach the point where we would be able to wipe out an enemy twenty times over if he reaches the point where he can wipe us out just once." This is what Mr. Dean privately calls "the perverse mathematics of destruction."

When needled by reporters to give out his estimate of the Soviet stockpile, Mr. Dean steadfastly refused, saying, "It is something we have to really seriously think about in the Executive Branch of the government, make it a policy of government and do it."

It was at this point in the sequence

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of events that the ball was tossed to the President. Unfortunately, and probably due to poor staff work in the White House, the ball was not put into play. It is known, however, that the National Security Council and the Psychological Strategy Board have been studying the advisability of releasing more atomic data. The project is known as Operation CANDOR.

Statistics of Survival

Just what are the basic facts that the scientists and some government officials want told? In kernel form they are the contents of National Security Council Document 68, which was drafted early in 1950 and approved by President Truman nine months later. This study of Soviet atomic capability and the vulnerability of the United States has since been modified, but the hard core of facts remains unchanged. The scientists also want certain conclusions of Project LINCOLN (a study of air defense) and Project EAST RIVER (civil defense) taken out of the secret category. In essence the facts they want told include:

¶ The approximate size of the U.S. atomic stockpile and our estimate of the number of Soviet bombs.

¶ Estimates of the strength of the long-range Soviet Air Force.

¶ Estimates of the degree to which our present air defense could repel an attack, plus estimates as to how much this defense can be strengthened.

¶ Data about the effects of modern nuclear explosives given in mathematical terms of destructive power.

¶ Description of the probable impact of an atomic attack upon U.S. industries and urban populations.

These five items embrace what we may call the statistics of survival. During the past two years experts working in teams organized in special projects like EAST RIVER and LINCOLN have repeatedly analyzed the significance of these statistics. They have had access to every bit of secret intelligence data bearing on their project. It is no secret that the experts feel that the atomic arms race has already progressed so far that the nation's security is seriously jeopardized. In their appraisal, Soviet Russia has a sufficient stockpile of improved atomic weapons and such means to deliver these bombs to U.S. targets as to constitute a menace to the continuity of our national existence. That is why the clamor has arisen for telling the people the facts.

Truth—Its Uses, Its Cost

What is stopping Operation CANDOR from bringing these facts into the open?

Probably the biggest obstacle is the deeply ingrained notion of security through secrecy—a concept brought to its zenith in the case of atomic secrecy. Even to turn your back to an atomic explosion at the vantage point of eight miles you have to have special clearance—as Representative Robert L. Condon (D., California) discovered to his surprise.

I recently debated with a Pentagon official whether secrecy on atomic tests is in the national interest. We were talking particularly about the next series of superbomb tests to be held at Eniwetok.

My argument was this: Why not invite Soviet observers to view the bomb test from twenty miles away? They would be deeply impressed by the power of the new weapon, and at the same time they could not possibly learn any scientific or technical details of the bomb's construction. What could we lose, I asked, by having Soviet observers at Eniwetok? The question, apparently a novel one, caused the official to wince: "What could we lose?" he shot back. "We could lose Charlie Wilson!"

But after all, I said, are we not depending on the new bombs as a deterrent? I cited Dr. Oppenheimer's statement in the July issue of *Foreign Affairs*: "It is also my view that it is good for the peace of the world if the enemy knows these basic facts—very good indeed, and very dangerous if he does not."

THE ECONOMY-MINDEDNESS of the present Administration is also a very severe roadblock to Operation CANDOR. To understand why this is so we must try to imagine what would happen if the government should tell the facts to its citizens.

Perhaps nothing would happen. Given the grim statistics of survival, even in sugar-coated form, the American people might simply shrug their shoulders and mutter, "Things look tough, but what can we do?" They might well shy away from the unpleasant facts just as they did after September 23, 1949, when President Truman announced the news of the first Soviet "nuclear explosion"—and just as the former President himself did earlier this year.

However, those who champion an attitude of frankness in atomic matters hope that something more constructive will happen. Specifically, they hope for three things, at least two of which will cost money.

First, they hope that *we will bulwark the defenses of continental America against an atomic blitz*. In other words, we must be capable of knocking down the Soviet bombers before they get to our targets. Our present air defenses are distressingly inadequate, as was revealed by Senator Stuart Symington in his first speech on the Senate floor early this summer. Pointing to a study made for Defense Department as his source of information, the former Secretary of the Air Force stated: ". . . our capability to stop these bombs runs from a high of 20 percent under ideal conditions, to a low of less than one tenth of 1 percent at low altitude or at night."

These facts jarred scientists just as much as they did Senator Syming-

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ton. As a result, Project LINCOLN experts explored every possibility for improving our air defenses. Without going into details, it can be reported that a substantially more effective air defense than we now have could be erected, especially by using new techniques and weapons, but that absolute defense would not be possible. Project LINCOLN recommendations for a tighter air defense ran into opposition at the Pentagon as well as at the White House. The Air Force, or rather strategic-bomber enthusiasts in that Department, rejected the proposals as hostile to the build-up of the Strategic Air Command. The White House viewed the recommendations as a threat to a balanced budget.

Thus decisions affecting the lives of millions of Americans have been made in secret. Would it not be more in the democratic tradition to inform Americans about their present danger, to state the case for air defense, and then to allow them to choose between a balanced budget and defense against the enemy's Sunday punch?

THE SECOND thing advocates of truth hope for is that *we will undertake nonmilitary measures to reduce our industrial and metropolitan vulnerability*. Such measures include what is popularly called civil defense. Project EAST RIVER reported in detail last January precisely how nonmilitary defenses can ensure that if we are attacked we can absorb punishing blows and still continue to exist as a nation. In July, the Federal Civil Defense Administration received a woefully inadequate appropriation of only $37,770,000, or about 0.1 per cent of what the Defense Department receives. Civil Defense Administrator Val Peterson's protest that we are living in a fool's paradise got very little attention.

The old axiom "The best defense is a good offense" may still apply to some degree even in the Atomic Age, but it certainly is not the whole story. Even with the strongest possible Strategic Air Command to deter an enemy and a powerful Air Defense Command to meet his attack if he is not deterred, many millions of Americans would be exposed to atomic attack. We can no longer live

in the grandeur of isolation. After a century and a half of immunity to the ravages of foreign war, we now find that Fortress America is again within the direct orbit of war's violence.

Our nation last intersected this orbit in 1814, when the British sallied up the Potomac and burned our nation's capital. The intrusion was brief and unpleasant but not fatal. Today we are a colossus among world powers, with almost 160 million inhabitants and a tremendous industrial organization. But the United States is a vulnerable colossus. Its growth has been more than matched by the growth of fantastically powerful weapons.

Our Glass Jaw

The colossus has an industrial glass jaw which can be shattered by a powerful atomic blitz. It has a metropolitan solar plexus which can be paralyzed by the same attack. Experts who have analyzed our industrial-metropolitan anatomy in fine detail are shocked at its high degree of vulnerability. And they find that our cities are daily becoming more congested as more people and more factories are crowded together within range of modern weapons. These analysts recommend drastic measures to reduce our urban vulnerability—decentralization, green-belting, and industrial dispersion. All are long-range measures, and none of them are inexpensive.

Our forefathers built blockhouses and stockades to protect themselves against Indian marauders a few miles away, but we are unwilling to modify our cities against a menace that lies some thousands of miles from our borders. It is this deceptive remoteness of the danger, both in miles and in our thoughts, that sabotages civil defense.

THE THIRD thing advocates of truth hope for is that *we will understand, if the facts are told, that an atomic arms race leads to a dead-end international situation*. As time passes and the Soviet stockpile mounts from the hundreds to the thousands, we may find that our Strategic Air Command is a crushing financial burden. But if we let our strategic striking power wither, our thousands of bombs will remain locked in their subterranean vaults—no longer a deterrent to aggression. If, at the same time, we have failed to provide for a strong continental defense, we shall be easy marks for atomic blackmail by the Soviets, with their expanding strategic striking power.

This can happen. Recent cutbacks in Air Force funds clearly indicate that it is even a distinct possibility. Given further "good behavior" on the part of the Kremlin, our lawmakers may persuade themselves that a balanced budget is more desirable than adequate military defense.

An atomic blow can fall with the swiftness and finality of a guillotine. The paramount principle to be borne in mind is that in the era of atomic weapons, defenses—both military and civil—can never be allowed to lapse. Weapons that can strike a knockout blow in one night do not give a nation a few months or even a few days to mobilize its defenses. Safety is precarious. Absolute safety is unattainable, and even a modest degree is to be purchased only at great cost. If the facts behind AEC Commissioner Murray's statement that "mankind now has within the range of his grasp means to exterminate the human race" are brought out into the light of day, men the world over may conclude that the global penalty of an atomic war is too great for mankind to pay.

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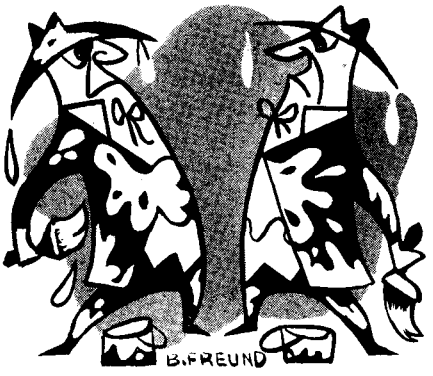
Some Queensberry Rules For Congressional Investigators

REPRESENTATIVE JACOB K. JAVITS

THIRTY YEARS AGO Congress was considered to have done quite a lot of investigating if as many as twenty-five investigations were conducted in any one session. Last year there were 236 separate Congressional investigations, and this year the total will probably be even higher. The legislative work of Congress is often pushed onto the back pages by news from Representative Harold Velde's House Un-American Activities Committee, Senator William Jenner's Internal Security Committee, or Senator Joseph R. McCarthy's Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations of the Senate Committee on Government Operations.

It is too little known that as matters now stand there are no standard rules to govern the operations of these investigating committees. It is true that several of the committees have adopted their own rules: The House Committee on Un-American Activities adopted a set of rules as recently as July 15 to protect the rights of witnesses called before it; Senator McCarthy's subcommittee also has a set of rules; and Representative Keating's Subcommittee of the House Judiciary investigating the Justice Department has a modern and complete set of rules that have earned it a high reputation for fairness. But it is largely a hit-or-miss matter, and there are no over-all standards to protect the reputations of witnesses who may be called.

THERE ARE, for instance, no rules of evidence like those in a court of law, and although some committees have adopted rules of their own, treatment of witnesses is generally dependent upon the attitude of the chairman and the members of the committee. Often Congressional investigation committees do not offer a witness the elementary protection that would be available to him in court—to have advance notice of the charge, to be represented by counsel, to be confronted by the witnesses against him and entitled to cross-examine them, to call witnesses in his own behalf, and to be presumed innocent until proven guilty. Unless the committee adopts its own rules, witnesses before Congressional committees have only the Constitutional



right to refuse to answer on grounds of self-incrimination and to answer only questions having some ultimate purpose to further legislation—which is a pretty broad latitude.

There is solid and growing support for the effort to get the Senate and the House of Representatives to adopt rules of standard procedure that would bind all investigating committees. The effort is backed by a widespread desire to change the climate of these investigations to one that will be helpful to legislation and to avoid the use of investigations to attack social, economic, or political views so long as they are consistent with our Constitution.

As long ago as January, 1947, a report of the Senate Judiciary Committee, then headed by Senator Alexander Wiley of Wisconsin, stated that "much confusion and ill-feeling might well be avoided by the adoption in each house of the Congress of standard rules and procedures for the guidance of committees conducting investigations."

Suggestions for rules have been made recently by Senators Paul Douglas (D., Illinois) and Estes Kefauver (D., Tennessee) in the Senate, and in the House by Representative Martin Dies, who himself had a stormy career as chairman of the House Un-American Activities Committee from 1938 to 1945.

The suggestions for rules made by Senator Douglas include one that "witnesses reflecting adversely upon other persons should be called to testify only after they have been examined in executive session and their relative credibility established."

Interestingly enough, Representative Dies is in agreement with Senator Douglas on the need for private hearings before public ones. The rules already put out by Chairman Velde of the Un-American Activities Committee call for a registered-mail notice to people mentioned adversely in public hearings, but they get no advance notice.

'Wicked Tool'

In the set of rules contained in my bill HR 4123, under consideration by a subcommittee of the House Rules Committee, I was particularly concerned with the problem of preventing the release of information from a committee file by an employee or a member of the committee except with the vote of a majority of the committee. The wording is

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taken from the text of the policy statement on Congressional investigations of Communism in education adopted by the General Board of the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. and seeks to deal with the particular matter that Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam criticized during his appearance before the House Committee on Un-American Activities. In his extraordinary ten-hour hearing Bishop Oxnam asserted that although the committee files, which were made available to anyone who sought information about him, showed his connection with forty-odd allegedly "Communist-front" organizations, he had not joined some of the organizations at all and had quit others after learning of their leanings. He said that the practice of releasing such information created a "wicked tool" for the use of "irresponsible" persons.

J. Edgar Hoover, head of the FBI, also emphasized the need for remedial legislation before a Senate subcommittee in March, 1950:

"Should a given file be disclosed, the issue would be a far broader one than concerns the subject of the investigation. Names of persons who by force of circumstance entered into the investigation might well be innocent of any wrong. To publicize their names, without explanation of their associations, would be a grave injustice. Even though they were given an opportunity to later give their explanation, the fact remains that truth seldom, if ever, catches up with charges. I would not want to be a party to any action which would smear innocent individuals for the rest of their lives. We cannot disregard the fundamental principles of common decency and the application of basic American rights of fair play."

ANOTHER important point with which I was concerned is the fixing of responsibility in the body which has authorized the investigating committee—the Senate or the House of Representatives as the case may be—for what the committee does. I have proposed that the Rules Committee of the House of Representatives shall have legislative oversight of the operations of all House investigating committees. As the Rules Committee is generally considered to be the instrument of the leadership of the House of Representatives, responsibility would be established at the highest echelon of authority. Representative Dies has come to somewhat the same conclusions on this point as I have, and he further suggests that members of Congress should be entitled to complain to the Rules Committee if investigating committees are charged with being unfair.

IN THE FINAL analysis, of course, the public must be the judge of excesses charged against Congressional investigating committees. In that mysterious way in which American public opinion takes form, crystallizes, and then becomes irresistible, there is more and more agreement that hunting out subversives without destroying the individual rights and values we are seeking to protect can

best be done through the reform of the procedures of Congressional committees.

To that end, I invite the readers of *The Reporter* to consider the following rules of procedure I have proposed. The text was largely the work of the Committee on the Bill of Rights of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York. The work of a similar committee of the New York County Lawyers Association was also very helpful.

RULES OF PROCEDURE

(1) No major investigation shall be initiated without approval of a majority of the committee. Preliminary inquiries may be initiated by the committee staff with the approval of the chairman of the committee.

(2) The subject of any investigation in connection with which witnesses are summoned shall be clearly stated before the commencement of any hearings, and the evidence sought to be elicited shall be relevant and germane to the subject as so stated.

(3) All witnesses at public or executive hearings who testify as to matters of fact shall be sworn.

(4) Executive hearings shall be held only with the approval of a majority of the members of the committee, present and voting. All other hearings shall be public.

(5) Attendance at executive sessions shall be limited to members of the committee and its staff and other persons whose presence is requested or consented to by the committee.

(6) All testimony taken in executive session shall be kept secret and shall not be released or used in public session without the approval of a majority of the committee.

(7) Any witness summoned at a public session and, unless the committee by a majority vote determines otherwise, any witness before an executive session, shall have the right to be accompanied by counsel, who shall be permitted to advise the witness of his rights while on the witness stand.

(8) Every witness shall have an opportunity, at the conclusion of the examination by the committee, to supplement the testimony which he has given, by making a brief written or oral statement, which shall be made part of the record; but such testimony shall be confined to matters with regard to which he has previously been examined. In the event of dispute, a majority of the committee shall determine the relevancy of the material contained in such written or oral statement.

(9) An accurate stenographic record shall be kept of the testimony of each witness, whether in public or in executive session. In either case, the record of his testimony shall be made available for inspection by the witness or his counsel; and, if given in public session, he shall be furnished with a copy thereof at his expense if he so requests; and, if given in executive session, he shall be furnished upon request with a copy thereof, at his expense, in case his testimony is subsequently used or referred to in a public session.

(10) Any person who is identified by name in a public session before the committee and who has reason-

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able grounds to believe that testimony or other evidence given in such session, or comment made by any member of the committee or its counsel, tends to affect his reputation adversely, shall be afforded the following privileges:

(a) To file with the committee a sworn statement, of reasonable length, concerning such testimony, evidence, or comment, which shall be made a part of the record of such hearing.

(b) To appear personally before the committee and testify in his own behalf, unless the committee by a majority vote shall determine otherwise.

(c) Unless the committee by a majority vote shall determine otherwise, to have the committee secure the appearance of witnesses whose testimony adversely affected him, and to submit to the committee written questions to be propounded by the committee or its counsel to such witnesses. Such questions must be proper in form and material and relevant to the matters alleged to have adversely affected the person claiming this privilege. The committee reserves the right to determine the length of such questioning; and no photographs, moving pictures, television, or radio broadcasting of the proceedings shall be permitted while such person or such witness is testifying without the consent of such person or witness.

(d) To have the committee call a reasonable number of witnesses in his behalf, if the committee by a majority vote determines that the ends of justice require such action.

(11) Any witness desiring to make a prepared or written statement in executive or public sessions shall be required to file a copy of such statement with the counsel or chairman of the committee twenty-four hours in advance of the hearing at which the statement is to be presented.

(12) No report shall be made or released to the public without the approval of a majority of the committee.

(13) No summary of a committee report or statement of the contents of such report shall be released by any member of the committee or its staff prior to the issuance of the report of the committee.

(14) No committee shall circulate on its letterhead or over the signature of its members or its employees charges against individuals or organizations except as the committee by a majority vote shall so determine.

The British Labour Party: A Recent Portrait by a Member

HUGH GAITSKELL, M.P.

On June 17, the day Berlin witnessed the first big trade-union demonstrations against a Communist dictatorship, the British Labour Party published a new statement of policy entitled "Challenge to Britain."

Party political manifestoes are not generally distinguished for precision or originality. The pursuit of power compels vagueness, since potential governments must have elbow room; and the need to attract as many voters as possible produces popular platitudes rather than original ideas.

Nevertheless, this pronouncement by the Labour Party was awaited in Britain with more than usual interest. In the years of power after the war, virtually the whole of Labour's 1945 program—the fruits of many years in opposition—had been carried into effect, and the time had come for the party to present a new program. The annual conference at Morecambe last October had asked the National Executive Committee to chart the new course. "Challenge to Britain" was the reply.

But curiosity about this document was greatly enhanced because of something else that had happened at Morecambe. In elections to the National Party Executive Committee, those who had sided with Aneurin Bevan after his resignation from the Labour Government in the spring of 1951 won six of the seven seats to be filled by the exclusive votes of the Constituency Labour Parties. Although still a small minority in a Committee of twenty-seven, the Bevanites had certainly increased their influence.

The Labour Party is still the child of the trade unions that set it up in 1900. But at the annual conference the local Labour Parties in each Parliamentary constituency now have a higher vote than ever before—more than one million. The unions muster among them nearly five million members who pay the political levy.

The local Labour Parties frequently claim that the vote of the unions is disproportionately powerful. They claim that they are the active members and do all the work in the constituencies, while the real power lies with a few trade-union executives who, however important in the industrial field, are not in the political front line. The unions, on the other hand, reply that they have the large affiliated membership which, even if not very active, includes far more Labour supporters than the local parties and furthermore provides most of the party funds.

After the war, with Labour in power, there was an increasing tend-

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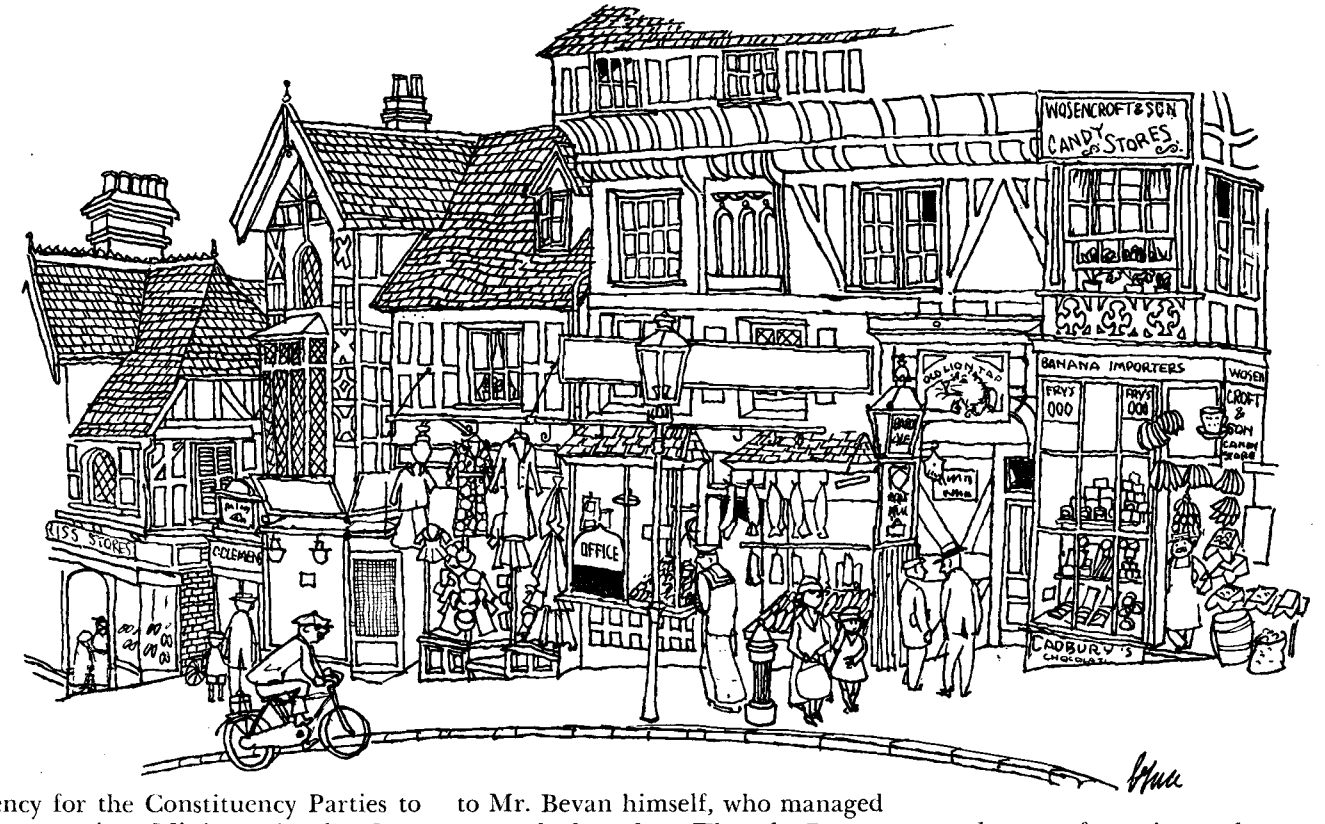

ency for the Constituency Parties to vote against Ministers in the Government and in favor of those who were regarded as more "left-wing." First Philip Noel-Baker, then Emanuel Shinwell, and finally Herbert Morrison and Hugh Dalton were thrown off the National Executive Committee and their places filled by Bevanites, leaving at last only James Griffiths of the old guard.

The National Executive Committee exercises over-all control of the party. But it has little real power over the activities of the Labour Party in Parliament. Labour Members of Parliament have their own separate organization, known as the Parliamentary Labour Party, which decides the attitude of the party on all matters coming before Parliament and elects from its own ranks the leader of the party, who is certain to be either Leader of the Opposition or Prime Minister. It is this Parliamentary group that selects the official "front-bench" leadership in the House of Commons, and it does not always agree with the Constituency Labour Parties. In 1952, when the latter gave six of their seven seats on the National Executive Committee to Mr. Bevan and his group, the Parliamentary Labour Party gave only one of twelve seats to them and that was to Mr. Bevan himself, who managed to get the last place. Thus the Bevanite successes in the National Executive Committee elections were not so significant as many supposed.

But how much of the Bevanite influence is to be seen in the policy declaration "Challenge to Britain"? It is not an easy question to answer. The Bevanite paper, *Tribune,* has come out with some mild criticisms on specific issues, but so have right-wing members of the party. On the whole, it seems that a fair degree of agreement was reached in the committee. This is not so surprising. For foreign policy—where the most deep-seated disputes would have arisen—was not covered in "Challenge to Britain." And such differences as there might have been on economic and home affairs were no doubt smoothed over more easily in the less embittered atmosphere of a committee room and in the face of inescapable economic facts.

Same Old Stuff?

The central thesis of "Challenge to Britain" is that in order to reach a final solution of British economic problems, especially in the field of foreign trade, and to achieve genuine economic independence, the British people must, for a time at least, produce more without consuming all the extra production. The new policy calls for a substantial trade surplus for the repayment of debts, investment abroad, and the building up of the gold reserves. To achieve this will require a further expansion of exports and some further curtailing of imports—especially of food. Moreover, high productivity depends on higher investment. The fields in which best export prospects exist—the heavy industries such as coal, steel, chemicals, and engineering—will have to be expanded. And that means so much less available in the way of manpower and other resources for producing consumer goods and improving living standards.

It is on the basis of this economic analysis that the question of state intervention is judged, and it is because of the needs of the situation rather than on doctrinaire grounds that the proposals for various forms of state control and participation are then put forward.

Someone is sure to point out that however creditable it may be for a political party to ask the electors not to expect too much in the way

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of immediate benefits, there is really very little new to be found in either the diagnosis or the prescription. Is it not all very much the same as Cripps's austerity planning?

No doubt this is what Labour's political opponents will claim. Nevertheless, there are several respects in which the new economic policy differs at least in emphasis from that of the previous Labour Government.

First of all, there is much more weight attached now to "economic independence"—meaning, of course, independence of American aid—which in turn is associated with a much clearer and sharper policy on the dollar problem. Second, there is much more prominence given to helping the underdeveloped areas. And third, there is a distinct change in the character of the state intervention envisaged.

Each of these calls for elaboration. The idea of aid has never been popular in Britain. "Marshall Aid" was treated as an unfortunate necessity, and the announcement in December, 1950, that it would be suspended was greeted with general relief and pride. The "Defense Aid" of the last two years might perhaps have been more acceptable as the fair contribution of a wealthier ally to a common cause, had it not been for some of the strings attached to it (such as the Battle Act, which tried to prevent trade between America's Allies and the Soviet bloc) and for some of the things said about the recipients in Congress.

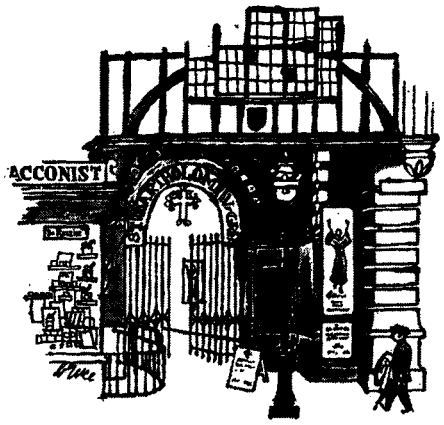
This pride and resentment at having to accept what some of the givers regard as charity was accompanied in the case of many members of the Labour Party by a fear that economic dependence involved political dependence, so that Britain was not really free to have a foreign policy of its own but must always be dragged along at the heels of the United States. The fact that this idea was just what neutralists, third-force men, fellow travelers, and Communists all wanted to put over does not dispose of the real anxieties felt on this score by many sincere and intelligent Labour supporters.

THE TRUTH is that assistance, whether in cash or in kind, from one great power to another is only likely to be tolerable in the long run in peacetime if it is accepted by both as not being "aid" at all but as simply a contribution to the sharing of a common burden whose amount forms part of an international contract and cannot be altered at the whim of the legislature or government of the grantor country. At one time two years ago it seemed possible that this conception might prevail. Now it would seem that the prospect has faded out completely. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that on both sides of the Atlantic there should be such a strong desire to bring aid to an end—though the full implications of this for western defense are not yet clear.

Some Lesser Evils

The strong emotional urge not to be dependent on America is also part of the background of the dollar problem and of the special way in which the Labour Party proposes to tackle it. Briefly, while recognizing that much depends on the action of the U.S. government in making dollars available to the rest of the world through imports or investment, "Challenge to Britain" insists on the need of continuing to maintain discriminatory import controls over goods for which dollars have to be paid.

Of course this implies that the sterling bloc shall be continued, with its members controlling dollar imports and transactions, pooling their dollar earnings, and drawing on the common pool for their dollar expenditures. It means, too, that the party abandons, for the time being, any hope of the free convertibility of sterling into dollars. It looks instead to the further development



of the sterling area, whose members will, it is hoped, plan their investment collectively so as to earn and save sufficient dollars to close the gap and also to maintain a high level of trade with each other. This plan for the Commonwealth will depend, it is recognized, on Britain itself being able to supply most of the capital.

THE REASONS why the Labour Party proposes this course can perhaps best be explained by listing their objections to the only obvious alternative. Those who recommend early or immediate convertibility and an end to trade discrimination admit that such a course would only be practicable on two conditions: First, some kind of international grant or loan of dollars would be needed to bolster up the reserves of the sterling area and to enable it to take the strain of the transition to "freedom." Then after import controls had been dropped in the sterling area, if a dollar gap remains or reappears, the British Government would have to be ready to counter it either by deflation—that is, by a reduction of incomes and prices generally—or by devaluation of the pound.

The Labour Party does not like the idea of another international grant or loan, largely because it would have to come indirectly from the United States and so involve "dependence." It objects to either deflation or devaluation as remedies because it believes that the costs of applying them would be far too high.

Deflation would involve unemployment and loss of production. Before the dollar gap could finally be closed in this manner—by making people too poor to buy dollar goods and by falling wages in the export industries—the loss of employment and production might have to be extremely severe. Such a course is quite out of the question for a party for which full employment is and always has been a vital principle. As for devaluation, the difficulty is not that it would put people out of work but the possibility that the exchange rate might have to fall very far before the changes in export and import prices which it produced had closed the dollar gap. If the fall were

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a severe one, it would give rise to the danger of cumulative inflation—falling exchange rates, rising prices, rising wages, and so forth. And it would in any event involve a sharp decline in the standard of living. For as the exchange rate fell, more British goods would have to be exported for a given quantity of imports—and this might involve sacrifices far greater than those involved in controlling dollar imports.

American critics sometimes treat this reluctance of the British to dispense with the "protection" of dollar import controls as though it were fear of competition. "Brace yourselves and face the keen, healthy winds of freedom," they say, as though it were just a matter of moral fiber, like taking a cold plunge or going for a brisk walk.

Metaphors of this kind are almost always misleading, but in this case they show a complete failure to understand the British case. If the dollar gap were solely the result of the inability of the British to "compete," then the case for convertibility would be much stronger. For then a slight devaluation or even a mild deflation would, by definition, put things right.

According to the Labour Party diagnosis, however, the dollar problem is not so simple. It is due far less to higher costs in Britain of similar or identical articles (indeed, there is little evidence of such imbalance) and far more to the fact that Britain needs to import from the United States different goods from those we produce ourselves—and needs them, unfortunately, more than the United States wants what Britain can offer in exchange. The problem is a structural one and needs a structural solution—the long-term development of alternative sources of supply by countries who will take British exports in exchange. Convertibility may be the result when the dollar problem is solved in this way, but convertibility is not a means to its solution.

This rational basis of the Labour Party's dollar policy is undoubtedly buttressed by other suspicions and anxieties. The most important is the fear of an American slump. The experience of 1929-1933 left behind the feeling that the less the British export trade was dependent on the fluctuations of such an unstable economy, the better off Britain would be. Even a liberal paper like the *Economist* recently proposed that in the event of a trade depression in the United States, Britain should not only devalue the pound but build up a trade grouping within the sterling area and Europe which would discriminate against dollar imports. The plain man's comment in the Labour Party is, "Why wait till then? Why not take action now? What is the use of dismantling controls now which you are certain to have to build up again?" The argument may not be entirely logical, but it has some practical sense.

Then there is the suspicion that on returning to power the Labour Party might have to face severe speculative movements against the pound. The party holds, of course, that it is all wrong for dealers in foreign exchange to have the power to force the devaluation of a currency by speculation. When such speculation is based not just on the judgment of shrewd technicians as to whether a particular exchange rate is to remain stable or fall but on the speculators' attitude toward the government in power—always friendly to the Right and hostile to the Left—it seems very much like financial blackmail for political ends, and the reaction is inevitably hostile. Small wonder that freedom for politically unfriendly speculators makes no appeal and that it seems only common sense to the Labour Party to maintain and enforce exchange controls so as to limit as much as possible the damage speculators may do.

British Point Four

The second change of emphasis which is to be discerned in "Challenge to Britain" is the desire to assist in the development of backward areas. To some extent the desire is linked, though often in a confused way, to Labour's dollar policy. The general idea is that Britain will provide the funds which will make development in the Commonwealth possible and that this development will help the sterling area to earn or save dollars. It is also assumed that this development will raise the standard of living of native peoples, so that what is economically sound is also morally sound.

It is easy to be cynical about this; it is easy to point out that the type of investment which would most quickly relieve poverty in Asia and Africa is not necessarily one which will improve the dollar balance of the sterling area, and also that the very large amount of British capital in-

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vested in Australia since the war has done nothing whatever to improve life for the backward peoples.

Nevertheless, Commonwealth development can be and has been of the type to assist both native living standards and the viability of the sterling area. Moreover, it is certainly a condition of holding the currency system together that the other members should be able to rely on Great Britain for capital.

It would be a great error to underestimate the very genuine feeling in the Labour Party for the colonial peoples. Nothing which the Labour Government did brought more pleasure and pride to the ardent party member than the granting of independence to India, Pakistan, Ceylon, and Burma. Few things disturbed him more than the Seretse Khama case and the Palestine policy. It was the Labour Party, after all, which long ago proposed that the word "Commonwealth" must replace "Empire," which framed the policy now accepted by all of a steady advance toward self-government in the colonies, which put Nigeria and the Gold Coast well on the way to it, which set up the Colonial Development Corporation, and which, with the Dominions, worked out the Colombo Plan for economic development in Southeast Asia. This strongly felt desire to give political freedom and economic help to backward peoples is the natural extension of socialist ideas at home. Those who hold that every human being has equal rights and should have equal opportunities, that class distinctions should be gradually eliminated, must and do oppose distinctions based on race or color. Those who say that great economic inequalities are wrong within their own country must agree that they are also wrong between nations.

Less Nationalization

Third, in "Challenge to Britain," there is a change in attitude toward nationalization and other forms of state control of industry. There has existed in Britain for a long time a noticeable contrast between the arguments put forward in favor of public ownership by earlier socialist thinkers and writers and those put forward in support of the particular nationalization projects proposed by the Labour Party. The former argued for public ownership because it would eliminate rent, profits, and interest and thus give the worker "the full fruits of his labour," because it would transfer "power" from the capitalists to the people, because it would replace "competition" with a spirit of "fellowship," because it would make possible a planned economy organized for expansion and the public good instead of for scarcity and private profit. Even allowing for the fact that all this related to a state of affairs where all industries had been nationalized and that the ideas were consequently vague and speculative, to say the least, it is remarkable how different have been the arguments put forward in recent years for nationalizing individual industries.

In every single instance the Labour Party has pressed for these changes simply on their merits. With coal, gas, and electricity, the claim has been that a complete change in the structure of the industry was required if it were to be really efficient, and that a transfer to public ownership would bring this about most quickly and easily. In steel there was a private monopoly; here it was argued that the need for the concentration of production, on efficiency grounds, in fewer rather than more separate firms, made it inadvisable to re-establish competition and that, therefore, it was necessary to make the monopoly responsible to Parliament by nationalization.

I AM NOT concerned with discussing the merits of these arguments. The point is that they are only very distantly related to old-fashioned socialist doctrine. They are, most of them, technical and practical in character, drawn from the Blue Books and Reports of Committees, taking the general line that for greater efficiency larger units of production, administration, and control were required and that these were quite incompatible with private competitive enterprise.

In the light of this it is not surprising that "Challenge to Britain" also emphasizes that the test as to whether an industry should be nationalized must at present depend on whether this would help the economic recovery of the country. The interesting feature is not that the same test should be applied, but that the results of applying it are different now. For despite a good deal of pressure from last year's conference, where left-wing speakers were inclined to make a full-blooded desire for more nationalization a test of sincerity, the National Executive Committee is not recommending the

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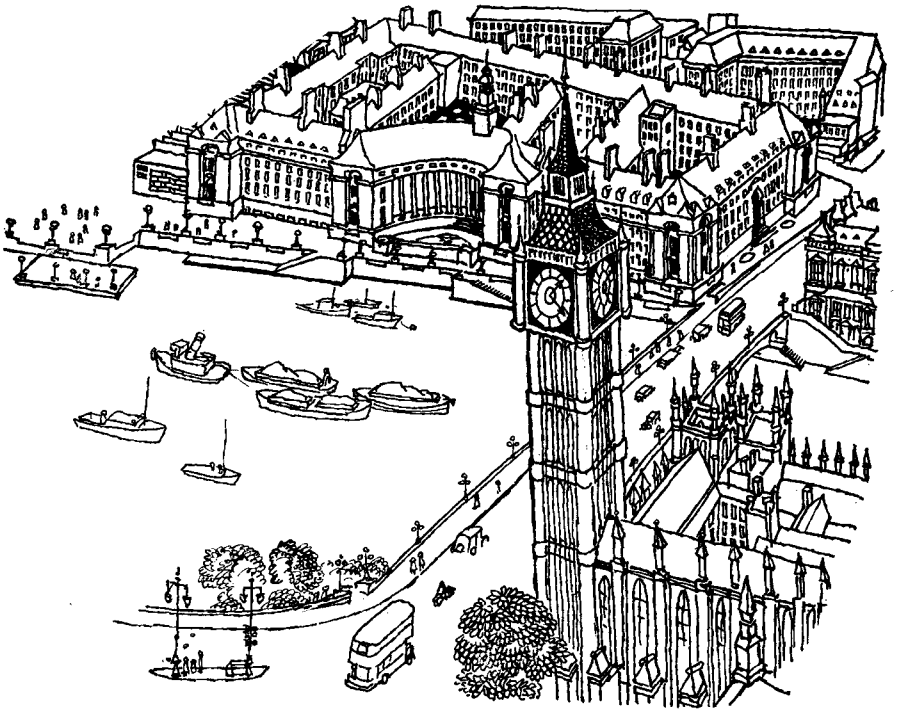

public ownership of even one new industry.

Steel and road transport are, of course, to be renationalized. But that was an old decision. All that is now proposed is a certain undefined degree of public ownership or state intervention in some industries. The proposals for the chemical industry come nearest to the old-fashioned Labour idea. But even here the conclusion is that "To establish this positive control over the industry's investment program, and to overcome the dangers inherent in private monopoly, a substantial degree of public ownership is required. This will be achieved in such a way as not to disturb the smooth functioning of the industry at home and abroad." It is not clear that the trade unions will accept even this proposal.

In machine tools, the argument for change is based on criticisms contained in the recent Anglo-American productivity report. The type of change proposed is, again, not complete nationalization but the setting up of a kind of state-owned pilot unit—an amalgamation of three or four existing firms. Something similar seems to be intended for mining machinery, where the existing industry has been much criticized for failing to meet the vital needs of the British coal mines.

These proposals are admittedly still very vague. They appear to involve either the competition of state-owned enterprise with private firms or some kind of government participation with private management. This latter conception comes out more clearly in the financial section of the statement, where it is recognized that securing adequate private investment in the more egalitarian society in which we now live will require that the state supply part of the capital and take some of the risks.

ALTHOUGH much further thought is obviously needed, the new ideas spring from a reasonably objective analysis of the internal British economic and industrial situation. They are in tune with developments in some other countries in Europe. And though they are not likely to have the emotional appeal of complete nationalization, they are also much less likely to provoke violent antagonism. State participation may worry businessmen, but it is not likely to create the strong resistance among them, or the same fear of disturbance among the general public, as the complete transference of new industries to state ownership.

The change signifies a recognition by the Labour Party that the mixed economy has come to stay for some time, and that the real job is to make this partnership between the state and private enterprise work as well as possible.

BECAUSE this article has concentrated on some of the newer tendencies in the thought and policy of the Labour Party, it must not be assumed that the more familiar egalitarian ideas have been suppressed. It is still the natural role of the Labour Party to seek to modify the distribution of wealth and income in favor of the poor—largely by the development of social services and progressive taxation. It is still the party's ultimate aim to create a classless society in which there shall be genuine equality of opportunity for all, where a man's position in life depends on the contribution he makes to the well-being of society rather than on the amount of wealth he has inherited or the kind of education his parents have paid for.

No doubt these doctrines, or perhaps the way in which they are understood and applied by the Labour Party, as well as the basic belief in the need for state intervention in economic affairs, would be unacceptable to many, perhaps most, Americans. The reasons for this difference in outlook between the two peoples (for even many Conservatives go a long way with the Labour Party nowadays) is due, among other things, to different technical and psychological conditions. We should do well to bear such differences in mind before we start rushing into each other's territory carrying our own crusading banners.

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The Peeping Tom

A Short Story

RALPH ROBIN

THE DOSSES' apartment, unsatisfactory but very reasonable, was behind the Capitol on Eighth Street, Southeast. It was on the second floor, and the two windows of the living room, which was also the bedroom, opened onto the flat extended roof of the hardware store downstairs; these windows looked out across an alley at the long building of a wholesale dry-cleaning plant and, beyond, at the tip of a church and the top of a tree. The roof of the hardware store was covered with painted metal, which added to the heat during the summer; but at least it was a good place for Mabel to hang the wash Saturdays, even if Clifton didn't like the way the men in the cleaning plant looked up at her from steam presses that went ss's-rr'm, ss's-rr'm. The noise itself was annoying, not to speak of the smell, but on Sundays the dry-cleaning plant was closed and during the week the Dosses both went to work.

Clifton often worked late at his new job, and one night when Mabel was sitting alone reading *Better Homes and Gardens,* she turned out the light to rest her eyes and saw a man on the roof, half formed in the dark, bent over, facing the window.

The windows were closed but not locked, and Mabel jumped up and locked them with shaky hands. By the time she got to the second window the man was scrambling down the side of the roof—on the rain pipe, she guessed.

When Clifton came home and she told him, he said: "It must have been one of those colored men from the cleaning plant. Didn't you call the police?"

"I couldn't tell whether he was colored. I was going to call the police. Then I thought, what good could they do after he was gone?"

"Well, that's what they're for." But Clifton was full of the new job. "I've got to write up my notes," he said, "while they are fresh in my mind."

He sat down at the drop-leaf table of which the leaves were never dropped. His bald spot, in a ring of brown hair, glistened. He wrote carefully in a gray government notebook, smiling occasionally.

Clifton looked to see if his wife was watching him smile. He said: "I'm not supposed to say anything, even to you, Mabel, but this is good. I've been getting nothing but good reports on this guy all along. One after another says he's loyal to the best of their knowledge and has good moral character and nothing bad about him at all. And then I get to this one guy, his friend, a big cheerful talkative guy, and when I ask him if this man is thoroughly reliable, he comes out with: 'Is he reliable? Let me tell you how reliable he is. We played poker in the same gang for almost two years and once he had a real bad night and lost fifty dollars he didn't have on him. He owed it to me because I'd been doing all right and had been loaning him chips. And would you believe it?—the next morning he took annual leave from his job to get the money out of his savings account and bring it over to my office. How's that for being reliable? I wouldn't have minded waiting till payday.' Isn't that a hot one, Mabel?"

"What's so hot about it? I don't get it."

"That guy thought he was talking his friend up, and here he was cooking his goose for him. Gambling is one of the things we got to look for on these sensitive jobs."

Mabel said, "I get it now. That is a hot one."

THE NEXT week, on Wednesday, the man came on the roof again.

Clifton was home this time. They were undressing for the night and the shades were down, though there might have been an inch or two of glass exposed below one of the shades—Mabel was sometimes careless about such things. They heard a scraping sound on the roof. Clifton, whispering, ordered his wife to go in the kitchen, which did not face the flat roof. She was sufficiently confused to obey, and Clifton snapped up a window shade, opened the window, and charged through with a roar. He saw a murky running man drop off the alley end of the roof.

Clifton forgot the lean-to for trash and he expected with a quirk of pleasure to see the man lying in the alley with a broken leg. But when he reached the end of the roof and knelt, he saw the lean-to and no man. He went back through the window and dusted his knees and called

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the police and told them there had been a Peeping Tom on the roof.

He put on a necktie and the jacket of his suit and Mabel put on a housecoat, and Clifton had scarcely begun to complain of the slowness of the police when a policeman ran up the stairs. He ran through the apartment and went on the roof. He yelled to his partner down below and looked up and down the alley and came back and told Clifton:

"He's gone. We were in the alley a couple minutes after you called. I don't see how he could've got away."

It seemed to Clifton that the policeman, whose face was young and stupid, did not believe that there had been a man on the roof. Clifton said: "I am not the kind of person, or Mrs. Doss either, who imagines things. I wouldn't occupy the position I've got if I wasn't trained to observe." He showed the policeman his identification card.

"Might've got away half a dozen ways at that, place like back there," the policeman said, looking older and more intelligent. "Could've gone over another roof, seeing he could climb so good. A lot of people not like you folks keep us going all the time with silly things. Woman calls up every couple of days and says there's somebody in her closet. She ought to be in St. Elizabeth and would be too if she didn't have a pull. But folks like you now, you know what you're talking about. Only thing I don't understand, Mr. Doss, why didn't you sock him one with your blackjack?"

"I don't carry a blackjack!" Clifton said, startled.

"I thought . . ."

"I'm not like an ordinary detective."

"Nothing wrong with being an ordinary detective. Wish I was a detective, but you can't get anywhere in this city without pull. Well, even if you ain't a detective, Mr. Doss, did you go after him?"

"I most certainly did. I went right through that window after him as soon as I'd removed Mrs. Doss to a place of safety; though when you come right down to it, it's you fellows' job to catch those fellows."

"Well, he's gone now. Maybe we'll have better luck next time." The policeman started toward the door.

"The next time!" Mabel Doss said. "Wait a minute, officer. You mean he'll come again?"

"See him before?"

"I saw him out there once before," Mabel said, "if it was the same man."

"It was the same man all right. That's the way it works with Peeping Toms that hang around to see what they can see. With these kind of cases they keep coming back even when they know you're on to them. It's what we call a phobia," the policeman explained. "We put 'em in St. Elizabeth now we catch 'em. Was he colored, Mrs. Doss? They're most of them colored."

"Was he colored, Clifton? I couldn't tell the time I saw him."

"He was colored, all right," Clifton said. "The most logical theory is he was one of those colored men from the cleaning plant across the alley."

"Could have been anybody," the policeman said. "This neighborhood is lousy with criminal elements and warped personalities. Don't see what folks like you are doing in a neighborhood like this."

AFTER the policeman left, Mabel said: "He's right. We ought to move. I'm almost afraid to walk down the street alone, when you look at the whites and blacks both they have in this neighborhood. And you remember what a hotbox it gets in the summer. It isn't as though we can't afford a better place now, what with your new job."

"I'm not working just for the money," Clifton said. "It's an important job I'm doing."

"Oh, I know that, dear. And I'm so proud of the way you're putting your heart in it. It makes all the struggle getting your college degree worth while."

Hand in hand they gazed at the drop-leaf table of which the leaves were never dropped, where Clifton had bent over textbooks and lecture notes. "I could never have done it without you," Clifton said.

"Let's not put off looking for a new place, Clifton. Let's do it this Saturday."

"It's O.K. with me, if I don't have to work. I think I'll have put in about as much overtime as Charlie likes a man to do, so it will probably be O.K."

WHEN Clifton and Mabel woke up on Saturday, the steam presses were already going ss's-rr'm, ss's-rr'm, and the air smelled of solvent and hot wool. Clifton looked out of the window and almost caught the eye of a tall colored man who was staring from the open window of the cleaning plant, hardly glancing at the overcoat that he shifted in his steam press.

"It will be good to move to a place with some fresh air," Clifton said.

"I've clipped all the ads," Mabel said.

The housing shortage was over, sure enough. A little after four o'clock they signed the lease for a nice garden apartment across the Maryland line. It would mean a longer drive to their offices and Clifton's hours were something to think about, but there were so many advantages. They celebrated by eating dinner out at a Howard Johnson's.

They were going to move to the new place two weeks from Monday, and if their Eighth Street landlord—he ran the hardware store downstairs—wasn't willing to take such short notice, they were on month-to-month anyway and couldn't lose more than half a month's rent. Clifton would just say to hell with it, and pay it. For dessert they ate cake with ice cream and hot fudge sauce.

Clifton went to his office Monday with the feeling that everything was working out just fine. So when Charlie sent for him, he had a premonition that it was going to be something good.

Mr. Chas. G. Francis, Jr., sitting behind a light-oak desk no different from Clifton's except that it was the only desk in the room, was pleased with the way Clifton was doing his job. The nailing of the habitual gambler was just one of the things Clif-

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ton had done well. "You know what, Clifton?" he said, "I'm going to put you on spot check!"

That was a real compliment to Clifton, a new employee, and Clifton flushed. "I'll do my best, Charlie," he said. Mr. Chas. G. Francis, Jr., encouraged informality.

"A man can do no more. I'm going to start you off with a kind of tough one. I'll give you the story."

The case was a young woman named Betty Forester, who was secretary for a division chief. This division chief—between Clifton and Mr. Chas. G. Francis, Jr.—drew a hell of a lot of water. He'd be sore as a hornet if he knew his secretary was being given a spot check. They were sort of reluctant for that reason to make the spot check, but they couldn't very well help themselves because they had received an anonymous letter saying that this Betty Forester was playing house with a Canadian, and while that wasn't as bad as playing house with a more foreign foreigner, it was worse than playing house with an American, which would be bad enough.

Clifton bent forward in his chair, concentrating. "I think I'm beginning to get the picture," Clifton said. "What procedure do you want me to follow, Charlie?"

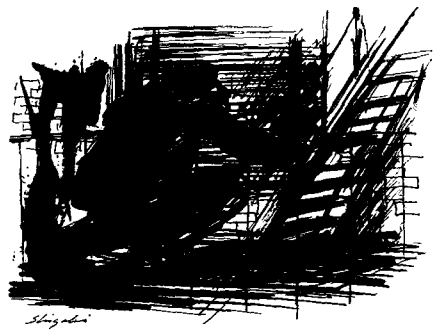
"I was coming to that. Now the procedure is, we're not going to ask around about this Betty because it would be sure to get back to her and she'd tell her boss and he'd raise the roof. At least we're not going to do it unless we have to. Now what we want you to do is, there's this friend of hers—this Dorothy Welk—who's trying to get a job in the department. Actually we're holding Dorothy's investigation in abeyance till this other business is cleared up. But what we want you to do is to pay Betty a little visit at her apartment and ask her some questions about her friend Dorothy Welk, meanwhile keeping your eyes and ears open. It might be good idea, too, not to phone but just kind of drop in on her."

WHEN he called me in," Clifton told Mabel, "I already had a premonition it was going to be something good."

"Eat your supper, dear," Mabel said.

Betty Forester wasn't home that night, and Clifton grimly resolved to come back the next night and the next night and the next night, should that be necessary to crack the case. But when on the very next night he knocked at the subject's door, the subject, dressed in a pleated blue skirt, opened the door gaily. Clifton was inside as fast as a salesman, and there was the Canadian, rising. He was an obvious Canadian, with a bony face.

In justice to the gay subject, it must be said that she became serious when she saw Clifton's identification card. Clifton said that he had come to ask a few questions about Miss Dorothy Welk, who had given her name as a reference for a govern-



ment position. In an even more foreign tone than Clifton would have expected, the Canadian said, "I dare say this is confidential. I was on the point of leaving."

The Canadian, not introduced by subject, departed, subject calling after him, "Don't forget tomorrow," and Canadian replying foreignly, "I shan't." Betty Forester didn't ask Clifton why he hadn't telephoned. "Will you sit down?" she said. "What is it you want to know about Dorothy?"

How long had Miss Forester known Miss Welk? Eight years. Where had Miss Forester met Miss Welk? At college. Was there anything about Miss Welk to indicate that she might not be completely loyal? Of course not. Was there anything about Miss Welk that might reflect on her moral character? Indeed no; Miss Welk had the highest moral character and her ideals were the finest. In subject's apartment there were bookcases with books and a Magnavox and three bronze horses on the window sill, and she was not really pretty but there was something about her, and it was too bad that a girl like that could get mixed up with a Canadian. Clifton could have gone for this girl with the serious round cheeks. But Clifton was married, and his marriage was not like some marriages.

"Does Miss Welk have many dates?"

"Excuse me?"

"Does Miss Welk have many dates with men friends? Does she go out much, would you say?"

"Dorothy's a very popular girl. I don't think she's really serious now about any of her beaux, but they are all men of the highest type. As I said, Dorothy is a girl with the highest ideals."

"You say that's indicated by the fact that she's not got herself tied up with one man friend but associates with several?"

After a moment Betty Forester laughed. "I don't really see the connection, Mr. Doss. When the time comes that Dorothy begins to think seriously about marrying one of her present friends or someone else, why certainly she'll start spending most of her free time with that friend and I'm sure her ideals will be just as high then."

"I'm sure they will, Miss Forester. Mrs. Doss and I went steady for two years before we took the plunge."

"You sound as if you're glad you did, Mr. Doss."

"It was nine years ago and I've never regretted it. We're not like some married people."

"Yes, some couples quarrel all the time. Is there anything else about Dorothy, Mr. Doss?"

"Your information will be very helpful, and I guess that is about all. I wonder if I might make a little request. I'm going to meet Mrs. Doss for a late date downtown and I wonder if I might sort of wash up and comb my hair—what's left of it. I've been on the go practically since eight o'clock this morning."

"I can see why your marriage has been such a success," Betty said. "Let me just get my stockings out of the way. You're a married man and know how that is."

The blue pleated skirt swirled. Betty opened the door to the dressing room and closed it behind her. Clifton started to look at the books. Al-

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though the question was moral character more than loyalty, it was hard to tell about a girl who would let herself get mixed up with a Canadian. But the books seemed all right: Clifton didn't see any by the authors he was supposed to look for. He recognized two classics he had studied about at college. Then he heard Betty coming back, but he decided to go on looking at the books anyway.

"All clear, Mr. Doss."

"Thank you. You must like books, Miss Forester."

"I do. I do indeed. Do you?"

"I do too," Clifton said. "I took a minor in English."

"Dorothy majored in English. But of course you've seen her forms." Betty smiled. "I put the stockings away, so . . ."

Clifton liked the dressing room: the dresses and skirts hanging, the neat dressing table, the clean towels on shelves, the pink wicker hamper. There was nothing belonging to a man. Clifton went into the bathroom and opened the medicine cabinet. It was neater than Clifton thought women kept medicine cabinets, but everything in it was female. He washed his hands and face, straightened his tie, and combed his hair.

Going back through the dressing room, the investigator had a hunch. He raised the lid of the pink hamper, lifted a spread towel and saw on another spread towel a man's starched white shirt with cardboard in the collar. With the shirt, a large toothbrush, a safety razor, a shaving brush, and a wooden bowl of shaving soap lay in all their guilt. The investigator replaced the towel and quietly closed the hamper.

Clifton said good-by to Betty Forester.

"Have a nice time, Mr. Doss."

"Thank you. You have a nice time too."

"I'm just going to read awhile and then go to bed."

"Well, that's a nice time."

"Yes, of course. You'll put that through for Dorothy as soon as you can, won't you?"

"I'll do my best. It's not just up to me. I just put in my report, you know."

Clifton had parked his car on Sixteenth Street, and now he drove

slowly around the apartment building until he found the window with the three bronze horses. He commended himself for finding it as he drove on and parked about two blocks away. He walked back, staying across the street from the apartments. Betty's Venetian blinds were lowered only part way and open, but he was too low to see deep inside her apartment, which was about two and a half stories above the ground.

On his side of the street, unused land with many scrubby trees rose sharply from the sidewalk. If Clifton just climbed a little distance up that slope, why, he would be able to look right into the subject's apartment. Clifton rolled the cuffs of his trousers and climbed until he was on a level with the window with the bronze horses. He backed against a tree and watched and waited. Betty was walking around the room—nervously?—picking things up and putting them down, swirling the pleated skirt. Clifton thought of lifting the pleated skirt, but he thought of it only for a moment, for Clifton was not like some married men.

Betty Forester stopped walking around the room and went to the door, where she let in, of course, the Canadian. Clifton could see the Canadian's head tilt in an odd foreign way as he said something to her. He did not kiss her, Clifton noticed. They simply sat down in chairs and talked. A microphone would have been the very thing, but for some high-up policy reason Charlie wouldn't let anybody so much as mention a microphone. "It's vital work we're doing," Charlie had said at a staff meeting, "and man for man I'm convinced that we're the best investigative agency in Washington, but let's not get it in our heads that we're anything more than a one-horse outfit yet—there are a lot of things we can't touch."

Betty Forester and the Canadian talked and talked. Clifton wasn't wearing a topcoat or a hat and he was getting cold. He was also irritated. He knew he resented something, but he did not know what. It might have been the morals everywhere. A girl like Betty Forester played house with a Canadian. Subversives all over the place, and sex criminals, and the Negroes out of hand. Gambling and dope. Clifton was spinning his car keys, and they slipped from his finger and fell on the ground.

He couldn't find them right away, and although Clifton didn't often swear, he swore now. It was lucky—but luck comes from good planning—that he always carried a pocket flashlight with a strong battery, and he began a systematic search for the keys.

Clifton himself was suddenly caught in the glare of a bigger flashlight and a policeman was standing over him. "Just what the hell are you doing here?"

"I'm looking for my car keys."

"Jesus, that's a good one. I never heard a better one. Car parked up a tree? You know what I think? I think you've been looking in those apartment windows to see what you can see. That's what I think."

"Listen, officer, this is in line of duty. I can identify myself. Reach in the inside pocket of my coat and take out my wallet and you'll see."

"Just like the movies, huh? I'm scared to death you'll shoot me Hand me your wallet. I don't want to put my hands on something like you."

"It's the top card."

"I see it." He flashed the light back and forth from the card to the face.

"It's not a very good picture," Clifton said.

"It's not a very good face. If you really dropped your car keys, find them." He ran the light down Clifton's body and brushed the ground with the light. "There they are."

Clifton picked up the keys.

"I still think I'd get the hell out of here if I were you," the policeman said. "That's what I think. Lead the

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way, Sherlock." On the sidewalk, under a street lamp, the policeman looked at the rest of Clifton's cards. He was a heavy man, older than Clifton, with large hands. He gave the wallet back to Clifton, and Clifton put it in his pocket. "Where's your car, Sherlock?"

"My name is Mr. Doss."

"Where's your car, Doss?"

"Two blocks west."

"Got a compass?"

"Why, yes—"

"For God's sakes. Let's walk to your car, Doss. You get paid for this night work?"

"I suppose so."

"Jesus, no wonder taxes are the way they are."

Clifton's face and the bald spot on his head were warm; then they were cold again, and Clifton thought what poor planning it had been not to wear a coat and hat. It was easy to catch a cold this way. He wished he could find a way to make the policeman respect him, and yet he found himself changing step to keep in step with the older man. "I ought to report you for this," he said.

"How do you know I'm not going to take you in and charge you?" the policeman said.

Clifton decided to use tact. He had been about ready to leave his post anyway—he had plenty of evidence in the Betty Forester case, and there was no use looking for trouble. In the long run, he would come out on top if the policeman tried to arrest him, but security of information would be jeopardized, and Charlie wouldn't like that.

"This your car, Doss? Get in." The policeman kept his hand on the open door and watched Clifton put the key in the ignition. "You know what I think? I still think you were looking in those apartment windows to see what you could see. Now get the hell out of this neighborhood."

THE LATE DATE Clifton had with Mabel was at a friend's house, and normally Clifton would not have washed his face and combed his hair for it, even if his marriage was not like some marriages. But he would have rolled down the cuffs of his trousers and wiped the mud from his shoes if his mind hadn't been on other matters. The friend wanted to know if Clifton had been tracking down a Communist through the swamps with bloodhounds. The others laughed, but Clifton didn't think it was funny.

On the way home Mabel asked him, "Something bad happen?"

"Nothing bad. I'd say I did a pretty good job. This Betty Forester is living with a Canadian all right."

"It's a feeling of insecurity that makes such women promiscuous," Mabel said. "That's psychology."

"I don't remember it from the course in Psych I took," Clifton said. "Where'd you hear that?"

"I read it in a magazine."

"That's an interesting subject, psychology. Do you think the policeman was right—the young policeman who came when the Peeping Tom was on the roof—when he said the Peeping Tom was going to come back?"

"Whatever made you think about that? I was just getting over being scared, though I don't know how I'd be if I didn't know we were going to move so soon. That reminds me. We have to get some cardboard boxes to pack dishes and things in."

Clifton was restless in the sofa bed that night. Several times he thought of waking Mabel, but he didn't really like her as she lay there with her eyes screwed shut and her chin too pointed. He got out of bed and stood at the window. There was moonlight, and he looked at the roof and the dry-cleaning plant and the church steeple and the top of the tree and the moon. He wondered how the garden apartment would be at night;

he wondered whether Mr. Chas. G. Francis, Jr., would like his work on the Betty Forester case; he wondered what would make a girl like Betty Forester live with a Canadian. "I'm the kind of fellow that thinks too much about things," he scolded himself, and he went back to the sofa bed.

IT TURNED OUT that Mr. Chas. G. Francis, Jr., was more pleased than ever with Clifton's work. He said that Clifton had shown real initiative in the Betty Forester case and that he was headed for a real future in investigative work.

"I try to do my best, Charlie," Clifton said.

"A man can do no more," Mr. Chas. Francis, Jr., said. They enjoyed a big laugh together about the dumb cop.

A moving firm arranged to move the Dosses' furniture for the very reasonable price of twenty-six dollars, and the landlord found somebody from the Navy Yard who was only too glad to take the apartment the day they moved out, so they weren't going to lose any money that way. The last Friday night the Dosses were to spend on Eighth Street they packed the good dishes in cardboard boxes and talked about what new furniture they would need.

"Mabel," Clifton said suddenly, "hasn't everything worked out fine?"

"It certainly has, Clifton."

There was a thoughtful silence, almost reverent, and Clifton wanted to tell Mabel how much better she was than the promiscuous Forester woman, but that didn't make sense. Then—breaking into the thoughtful, almost reverent silence—the roof rattled.

"Just don't make any noise," Clifton whispered. "This time I'm going to catch that Peeping Tom."

Clifton walked casually to the three-way lamp—the only light burning—and turned it off.

"What are you going to do?" Mabel asked. "It's dark."

Clifton was looking through the window. There was very little light outside, but there was more light outside than inside and Clifton could see pretty well. At first he couldn't see the Peeping Tom, but then he looked obliquely and saw a

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man with spread arms pressing against the wall between the windows.

Clifton opened the window. The man still did not move except to press his body even harder against the wall. A strained voice came from him: "I didn't. . . . I wasn't. . . ."

Clifton went through the window, and the Peeping Tom pushed himself from the wall and ran. Clifton ran after him. The Peeping Tom tripped, and as he fell Clifton saw his white face and hands. That he was not a Negro made Clifton angry. The Peeping Tom started to get up, but Clifton pushed him down and straddled him and sat down on him and yelled to Mabel to call the police.

The prisoner tried, rather weakly, to twist himself loose, and Clifton knocked his head on the tinny roof. "Even if you fellows are sick, you've got to learn a lesson," Clifton said angrily. "There's been just too much of this sort of thing going on."

ALL THE papers had something about Clifton's heroism the next day, and he enjoyed reading about it. It didn't hurt him a bit professionally, either. Clifton was working that Saturday, and Mr. Chas. G. Francis, Jr., came out of his private office to congratulate him. But one thing puzzled Clifton. None of the papers said anything about the man's being a Peeping Tom. The papers said he was a prowler who confessed that he had robbed seventeen apartments and rooms in Southeast Washington.

Some Early Ventures In Popular Publishing

FREEMAN LEWIS

The following are excerpts from a lecture delivered last year by Mr. Lewis at the New York Public Library and subsequently published by the library as a pamphlet.

THE AMBITION to provide inexpensive books for many people is an old one among publishers. It could not be achieved, however, until production methods and materials made it possible to use machine techniques. First there had to be machine-made paper instead of handmade paper. Then there had to be mechanical typesetting machines, and electrotyping and stereotyping processes. And finally there had to be fast cylinder presses. Most of these basic inventions and many of the improvements which made them commercially practicable occurred in the period from 1790 to 1830. . . .

The first low-priced venture here was probably the Boston Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge in 1829. The American Library of Useful Knowledge was started in 1831 with this avowed objective: "To issue in a cheap form a series of works, partly original and partly selected, in all the most important branches of learning."

These earliest efforts were more noteworthy than successful. Then in July, 1841, Park Benjamin, editor of a literary newspaper called *New World*, brought out the first volume of Charles Lever's *Charles O'Malley* as a "supplement" priced at fifty cents. His chief rival among literary newspapers, *Brother Jonathan*, promptly issued the same book as an "extra" at twenty-five cents. In 1842, these rivals were busy issuing novels by English and Continental authors. . . .

It is worth noting that this beginning was essentially a side issue of periodical publishing, made possible by newspaper presses and taking advantage of the low postal rates Congress had authorized for newspapers. The "extras" issued by both *New World* and *Brother Jonathan* were sold by newsboys, but they were also mailed in tens of thousands. . . . In 1843, the Post Office Department got around to charging book postage rates for these "extras," and this blow, combined with a glut of copies and a severe price war, put a temporary end to low-priced book publishing. . . . With the end of the Civil War came the "dime" novels, particularly those of Mr. Beadle. But these were of minor importance. The big revival came in the 1870's and carried through most of the rest of the century. . . .

Once again, the first efforts were the by-products of a newspaper publisher, in this case the New York *Tribune*. In 1873, it began issuing "extras" dealing mainly with scientific subjects. Shortly after appeared the Tribune Novels. . . .

THE most important pioneer of this period was a Chicago firm, Donnelley, Gasette & Lloyd, which began its famous Lakeside Library of cheap quarto novels in 1875. Almost overnight a rash of houses appeared—

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George Munro's Seaside Library, Norman Munro's Riverside Library, Frank Leslie's Home Library, Beadle and Adam's Fireside Library, etc. Within two years there were about fifteen firms in the field. Many trade publishers prominent today were prominent paper-bound publishers then, notably Harper & Brothers, D. Appleton & Company, Henry Holt & Company, Dodd, Mead & Company, and Funk & Wagnalls.

During the succeeding twenty years, these low-priced "libraries" were the most dynamic and most widely discussed segment of the American book trade. . . .

The number of firms grew; the number of titles published increased. Some of the better "libraries" began to issue biography, poetry, science and travel books, though fiction never ceased to dominate the lists. . . . In 1885, there were 1,500 paper-bound titles out of a total of 4,500 to 5,000.

In large measure, the paper-bound books then were by foreign, particularly British, authors. No royalties needed to be paid on such works, and this had two results. It brought the American public the best of the current and past foreign authors at very low prices; it also put a severe damper on American authorship. . . .

As the cost of competitive business went up and the quality of the books published went down, signs of trouble became more frequent. Several printers backing paper-bound publishers went bankrupt. . . . Prices were slashed. The news companies made heavy returns of unsold copies. Paper-bound bookmaking grew sloppy, with small and poor type, bad printing, and miserable paper. . . . In 1891 came the International Copyright Act. In 1893, *Publishers' Weekly* reported an "almost entire cessation of the cheap and undesirable fiction—French and English—appropriated by piratical publishers and printed in villainous typography on worse paper in the ten, fifteen and twenty-five cent 'libraries.'" By the turn of the century, most paper-bound book publishers had gone out of business.

Between 1900 and the mid-1930's, paper-bound publishing did not completely die out but it played no seriously important role in the overall picture. Then in the mid-1930's there were three tentative beginnings: Modern Age Books, Hillman Novels, and the mystery stories published in reprint form by Lawrence E. Spivak. Once again, superior technical processes were an important motivating factor, this time high-speed magazine presses adapted to paper-bound book production. . . .

The Paper-Back Revolution: Cheaper Books, More Readers

MEYER LEVIN

A DOZEN years ago, when paper-back books began to sell in quan-ty at newsstands instead of book-ores, they took hold in America. he resultant revolution may affect ot only our publishing methods ut our literature. The twenty-five-nt publishers, such as Pocket ooks, Signet-Mentor, and Bantam, gan as reprinters of best-sellers id classics, and, like hard-cover iblishers before them, soon found at the most profitable titles com-ned sexy content with a literary ont. As sales zoomed, new firms armed into the field, until over a ousand titles a year appeared in per-backs.

Then, with suitable reprint titles coming scarcer, some firms dis-nsed with the literary front. Gold edal Books even departed from reprint formula, and had novels written to order. A few other firms followed. Sex and sadism became the rage, and some of the better reprint houses seemed to be debasing their choices, at least if one judged by the covers, in order to keep up—or down—with the competition.

Presently a Congressional committee was investigating literary smut, particularly in the paper-backs. But the public had in any case been saturated with sensational fiction. The market was glutted. According to trade talk, wholesalers were holding fifty million books in their warehouses, a third of them originals.

A REACTION has begun to set in. Girls on the covers have had their knees pulled together. Publishers of originals using the sex-and-violence formula now seem to be seeking material closer to slick-magazine entertainment. A new house, Ballantine Books, issuing originals simultaneously in hard and soft covers, has gone so far as to restore literary merit as a requirement. The "big three" reprinters—Pocket, Signet, and Bantam—emphasize that they have never given it up and that their consuming interest has always been to supply better reading to the multitudes. They can point with pride to catalogues that include everything from Austen to Zola.

It is indeed possible to assemble an excellent library from their combined lists. Yet few of the good books are consistently to be found on the stands. The buyer revolving around the racks is usually confronted with Westerns, mysteries, the ubiquitous Spillane and Erskine Caldwell, and a galaxy of teaser

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titles by writers he has never heard of. (A few are pulp pen names for writers he might have heard of.)

Voices of Doom and Hope

In the publishing world, paper-backs have engendered a ferment of opinions. Some seem to think that hard-cover publishing is doomed, that bookstores are doomed, and that literature itself is doomed through the downdrag on taste and the narrowing of choice. And yet the annual dollar volume of hard-cover book-sales increased by $60 million from 1947 to 1951. No trend in bookshop bankruptcies is evident, even though some book clubs and rental libraries are on the decline. One could conclude that in general, and even despite TV and 3-D, Americans, because of the paper-backs, are buying and reading almost three times as many books as before. Annual paper-back sales of around 250 million, almost ninety per cent fiction, have been added to hard-cover sales of some 200 million.

But in hard covers, nonfiction is now dominant. There was a two per cent drop in fiction titles from pre-paper-back 1939 to 1951. During the same years the total of all book titles went up six per cent. Among standard publishers the profit emphasis has swung from fiction to nonfiction. As one eminent publisher put it, "You now think a long time before you take a novel, and you publish fewer and fewer."

You also think about the reprint potential, and this can affect you in the kind of novel you take. Even so, if you are a publisher with a literary cachet, like Harper's, Random House, or Harcourt Brace, you do not permit the paper-back potential to become the ruling factor. You will still take on a very promising young writer or an experimental novel of literary value, even if you think you won't get a cent from the reprint rights.

Indeed, some editors claim that the reprint values are seldom immediately discernible. "They will pass up a title and then come back for it a few years later." Sometimes reprinters have seemed to be underestimating the public, as when one of them passed up George Orwell's *1984*, which later sold well. But as

each title spells out its sales record, trends are becoming clear. Publishers and writers know what is selling —so well that some novels, even while in proofs, have drawn as high as $35,000 in advance royalties in competitive bidding from reprinters.

Reprint publishers have been able to say, "We do not influence writers" —meaning "not directly." Indirectly, a writer might be confronted in the very design of his novel, in the writing of every page, with thoughts of the reprint market. And a deleterious influence has already been spotted in the work of a few young writers whose novels have been carefully interlarded with sensational scenes. "You can see the seams," one publisher has remarked.

Others think that before long there will be little market in fiction for anything but the potential paper-back. A prominent agent has maintained that the day is practically here. "There are even some marginal publishers who won't accept a book unless they have already secured a reprint contract on the manuscript." More common has been the practice of risking the typesetting cost on one's own judgment of the reprint value, since the same book might win a much higher advance in competitive bidding when seen by the reprint publishers in proof.

FOR THE WRITER, hard-cover publishing retains the advantages of prestige, reviews, and the chance at really big money if he has a best-seller. But he is obliged to sacrifice half of his paper-back royalties, since reprint money is usually split fifty-fifty between author and publisher. If the writer chooses original paper-back publication, he avoids splitting the royalty.

Furthermore, the average writer is often as hungry for readers as he is for royalties, and—apart from the question of reviews—would rather have two hundred thousand people buying his novel at a cent a copy to him than five thousand buyers of a four-dollar book that nets him fifty cents.

He can scarcely fail to notice that the top reprint seller of all is Erskine Caldwell's *God's Little Acre*, which has passed the six-million mark for Signet. He notices that the breezy rental-library books of the Donald Henderson Clarke school have been superseded by gangster and dope-addict novels, and by "sociological" fiction about tough teenagers. He sees that the historical romancers who exploited the swash-buckler-promiscuity theme for the book clubs are now surpassed by the pseudo realists who manufacture fifty-cent sex-and-sadism double-deckers for the newsstands. But he wonders whether there might not be enough of a market—not in the six millions, but enough—in the paper-backs to support him if he writes without compromising.

THAT THERE IS a paucity of good new fiction is generally recognized. Many experienced novelists feel that the economic difficulties in their craft are largely responsible for this current low in American literature.

Unless the young writer is lucky enough to score a financial success with an early book, he faces a difficult literary maturity, and is usually forced to neglect an art that has become more than ever a gambling enterprise. While publishers can spread their bets over fifty or a hundred titles a year, most writers have only one bet to make every two or three years. And the fact is that except for the occasional best-seller there is just not a living in novel writing.

Here the paper-backs, in both reprints and originals, offer some hope always providing that quality is in the ascendant. As agent Max Wilkinson points out, "The end resul

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can be that far more novelists will make a living writing novels."

Lane's Lieutenants

Leading personalities in the major houses are not lacking in zeal for the dissemination of good books.

Freeman Lewis of Pocket Books has an educator's point of view, reflected in the increasing number of classics and basic books on the list. Victor Weybright of the New American Library of World Literature (Signet-Mentor) emphatically feels that the wide distribution of good literature at prices within common reach is about the most important thing a man can do in this world. Ian Ballantine, an embattled idealist who formerly headed Bantam, has founded his own firm to publish a high grade of books.

It happens that both Weybright and Ballantine were inducted into the paper-back field by Allen Lane, the young British publisher who launched Penguin Books in the mid-1930's. During the war, Victor Weybright, attached to the American Embassy, worked with Allen Lane in producing books for G.I.s. On his return to New York, Weybright began to spread Penguins in America. Ballantine, as an American student in the London School of Economics, was writing a thesis about publishing, with special attention to paper-backs. Hearing of the thesis, Allen Lane promptly recruited the author.

A third Penguin man in America is the canny Kurt Enoch, a refugee from Hitler and probably the foremost expert in the paper-back field. Son of a Hamburg publisher, Enoch was general manager for the famous old Tauchnitz line of paper-backs while he ran his own sleek new Albatross line. After fighting in the French Army, Enoch managed to escape to America; in 1942 he was put in charge of the American end of Penguin book production.

Pocket Books and Avon were organized in 1939 and 1941. The head of Pocket Books, Robert de Graff, developed the discovery that helped the new wave of paper-backs to success where attempts such as Boni Paper Books and Modern Age Books had failed. This was the use of magazine distributors, who could provide over a hundred thousand outlets instead of the bookshop fraction of that number. Two copies per stand could make a title pay.

Quickly, hard-cover publishers and large magazine combines moved to participate in the new development, just as film and radio outfits moved into television. Simon and Schuster became associated with Pocket Books, until Marshall Field bought it out. The Curtis Publishing Company joined with a group of book publishers to establish Bantam. In 1945, Ian Ballantine came to head this new firm.

Weybright and Enoch had found their British employers too cautious to keep up with the suddenly accelerated tempo on the American scene. With Allen Lane's blessing, they organized the New American Library of World Literature. Theirs is now one of the two largest reprint houses, both of which claim to be the leader. The other is Pocket Books, which buttresses its claim with an annual sales figure of forty-six million. Bantam, which is third, is only a few million behind.

All these publishers feel themselves committed to co-operate with the hard-cover publishing trade, being firm believers in the reprint rather than the paper-back original. They view with the highest respect the accumulation of editorial wisdom in the standard publishing industry, and they cite the necessity for a sizable array of publishers who will keep literature in all forms flowing. Nevertheless the reprinters have been known to slip in an original now and then, or to promote a book to a standard publisher with a view to reprinting.

Allen Lane's other American protégé, Ian Ballantine, has in the meantime become something of the stormy petrel of the paper-back industry. At Bantam, he found himself in a series of disagreements. He once turned down Faulkner's *Sanctuary*, partly because he felt that the paper-back appeal should not be built through emphasis on sex in the choice of books by good writers.

Faulkner was snapped up by Signet to be placed alongside of Erskine Caldwell and James T. Farrell. It is Weybright's feeling that acquaintance with literature, whatever the initial motive, can only produce eventual good results.

At the same time, the New American Library's program is to supply books in every area of interest, so that its list ranges from Homer to Mickey Spillane. Though their firm may publish a sensational title like *The Hoods* by Harry Grey, Weybright and Enoch have secured 425,000 readers at fifty cents a copy for the three editions of *New World Writing*, a cross section of modern work that might otherwise have reached only a few thousand literati.

The Ballantine Plan

While Weybright and Enoch have already made paper-back history, the next chapter may come from Ballantine, who is trying to make Ballantine Books an in-between form of publication that will combine the merits of both hard- and soft-cover methods.

He publishes paper-backs at thirty-five cents simultaneously with hard-cover editions at two or three dollars. The hard-cover editions are brought out either by himself or in co-operation with standard houses. Ballantine, too, insists on the irreplaceable editorial value of the standard houses, and has so far enlisted three who copublish with him. It is his contention that the economic rather than the editorial side of publishing needs overhauling, and that his scheme—which is so far working well—is one of the answers. "Give me a year," he vows, "and see if I don't have the best list in the business!"

Many critics of the Ballantine plan declare that his hard-cover editions are mere tokens, issued solely to elicit book reviews. Authors, how-

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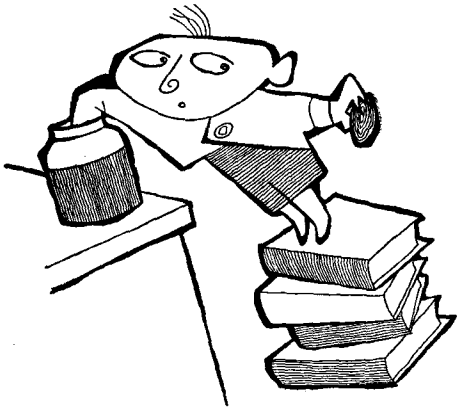


ever, are showing interest because simultaneous publication brings them not only reviews but also higher assured royalties.

Their initial payment on a Ballantine Book is five thousand dollars, covering the first hard- and soft-cover editions. This contrasts with three thousand dollars offered by Gold Medal for the first paper-back edition, and with the customary advance of only one or two thousand dollars from hard-cover publishers. Most books never earn more than the advance.

Ballantine's paper-back royalties are figured at 2.8 cents per copy, which brings the writer eight per cent instead of the average of under six per cent that is paid by other paper-back houses and which must be split with the original publisher in the case of reprints.

The first Ballantine Book, *Executive Suite* by Cameron Hawley, became a best-seller in hard and soft editions, and several other titles have sold very well. Indeed, a sampling of Ballantine Books reveals shrewd judgment in many publishing areas. *The Witch's Thorn,* a tender and poetic novel by Ruth Park, whose work had never before reached a wide audience, is a book that any publisher would be proud to have on his list. John Bartlow Martin's *Why Did They Kill?,* about a teen-age murder in a Michigan town, is first-class modern reportage. Hans Ruesch's *The Racer,* about European auto speed kings; Jack Schaefer's Western-story collection, *The Big Range;* and a science-fiction satire, *The Space Merchants,* by Frederik Pohl and C. M. Kornbluth, all must be accepted as superior books in their respective genres.

As to writers, Ballantine agrees that a five-thousand-dollar guarantee does not wholly solve a man's living problem. "But it brings it within reach of solution. If a writer can produce a book a year, he can live modestly on such a guarantee, with always the chance that one book will strike it richer."

The record strike in a reprint advance is said to have been paid by Signet for *From Here to Eternity*—around $100,000. But extravagant ideas about paper-back advances are discounted by John O'Connor of Bantam, who declares that advances that go as high as $20,000 scarcely average one a month in the whole trade. Generally, $5,000 is considered a good start for a reprint, and this nets the author $2,500.

Ballantine's plan and the entry of such firms as Dell into the field of publishing originals have stimulated authors to look for a larger share of reprint rights. The Authors Guild is trying to break the solid publishers' front that maintains the fifty-fifty split. The Guild contends that there should be room for bargaining and that authors should have the right to be consulted on reprint contracts—a matter which has been solely up to the publishers, with only a few exceptions.

Distribution Problems

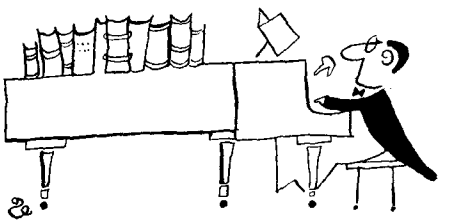
Glutting of the sex-sadism market stimulates hope that paper-back literature will get back to a higher average. But distribution is still the basic problem: The very device that made possible the magazine-style distribution of paper-backs makes it impossible to keep a large selection of books available at any great number of distribution points.

Distribution is handled by two large agglomerations, the American News Company and the independents. The first controls many choice railroad terminals and other such spots, and because of this some of the better reprints are not seen at these popular points. Both distributors follow the same system as they do with magazines: They get from each publisher his monthly issue of titles and deliver the packages to the outlets. When the next month's supply comes along, last month's books have to make way. Some are returned. Thus the life of an unlucky paper-back title can be as short as that of a magazine.

Additional circulation and prolonged life for titles are obtained through direct reorders; occasionally a very popular title is given a full reissue. While individual dealers will reorder fast sellers, they will rarely take the trouble to order a particular item for a customer.

Some buyers have the persistence to go from one drugstore to another, seeking a particular title. Most won't bother. Thus vast potential sales are dammed up. A glance at paper-back catalogues reveals titles from Plato to Proust. Pocket Books features Thomas Mann's *Buddenbrooks,* the Bible, and Shakespeare. Among moderns, Signet offers Sherwood Anderson, Christopher Isherwood, Saint-Exupéry. Bantam publishes Hemingway, Cronin, and Steinbeck. Doubleday's Permabooks has Eisenhower, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Kenneth Roberts. Avon's No. 1 title is Sinclair Lewis's *Elmer Gantry.* Very few of these are on the stands, and hundreds of equally attractive items are stocked only by the publishers.

Additional supply methods are under experiment. A good deal is being done with direct sales through schools; 171 titles from the New American Library are on various study lists. Mail order takes care of a considerable amount of direct requests but is profitless on single items. Extension of release channels to supermarkets and other chain stores may keep some of the back titles up front. And special types of bookstores may be developed. The neighborhood store may combine a varied stock of paper-backs with greeting cards and novelties. One all-paper-back store, started a few months ago in New York in the subway arcade at Sixth Avenue and Forty-second Street, is doing quite well. The store carries two thousand titles in stock and reports a total



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volume of business comparable with that of a regular bookshop.

The regular shops do not rule out paper-backs. Brentano's main store in New York has a self-service paper-back department in the basement, and its manager reports, "We like them. They bring people into the store, and often they'll browse around and buy books that can't be found in paper-back."

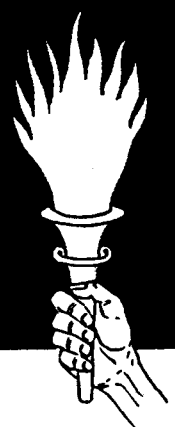
Paper-Backs First?

Enthusiasts for paper-backs claim that our system of publication should be reversed to emulate that in France, where books come out first in paper covers and are offered in hard covers only for libraries, as gifts, or in the de luxe trade. Actually, of course, it is not merely the binding that raises the price of a book. An average paper-covered volume in France costs about a dollar. It is the spread of typesetting costs over a huge number of copies, the high-speed rotary press, and the elimination of bookshop and other distribution expenses that make the American paper-back so cheap.

Despite setbacks through overproduction some months ago, the paper-back industry is in an aggressive mood. Some of the inevitable errors that come to a rapidly expanding industry have now been taken in stride. The leading firms recognize both that they have a responsibility to American reading taste and that more and more their books have come to represent American literature abroad. Sales are high in India, Japan, Israel, and South America.

Several publishers plan to expand out of fiction into educational and how-to material. Fifty-cent double-deckers are about to be surpassed by seventy-five-cent triple-deckers. Pocket Books and Ballantine have exciting plans for the mass marketing of art books. Mentor is finding a bigger reception for such serious works as Edith Hamilton's *The Greek Way to Western Civilization,* which has sold forty-seven thousand copies. Two new anthologies of avant-garde writing are appearing. Doubleday is promoting its high-brow Anchor Books while expanding Permabooks. The paper-back revolution is here to stay.

We who are free must light our own way



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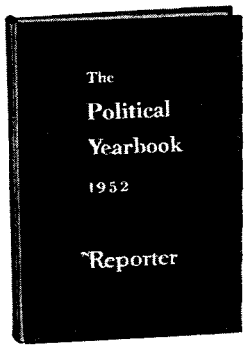

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During their vacations, various members of *The Reporter* staff have sampled the enormous array of paper-back books that confronts today's reader at newsstand, drugstore, supermarket, stationery shop, and railroad station. Our editors' choices for the reviews that follow do not necessarily reflect their dominant interests, but they do show what remarkable riches and variety are to be found by the perserverring searcher among the paper-back publishers' lists. The boxes that accompany these reviews give an arbitrary sampling of those lists.

No Crime, No Sex

EXECUTIVE SUITE, by Cameron Hawley. *Houghton Mifflin* (hard cover), *$2.00. Ballantine Books* (paper-bound), *thirty-five cents.*

MR. BALLANTINE led his ace of trumps when he started a new publishing venture last November with Cameron Hawley's *Executive Suite*. It has already sold 497,000 copies, and is still selling well. And this is very strange.

Here is a thirty-five-cent book that offers the newsstand buyer merely a picture of a businessman who is not only male but middle-aged and fully clothed. It's a book about this man's world, where action takes the form of walking from one vice-president's office to another, a world in which there's hardly any time left for sex. It has, in fact, none of the ingredients one would think were needed to sell in competition with the allure, violence, and perversion which

dominate the newsstand bookracks—except one. It is a good story, superbly told.

The man on the cover, who fixes you with the eye of leadership, is Avery Bullard, the head of the Tredway Corporation, a large furniture concern. He dies in a taxicab in the first minute of play. Readers who think that if there's no sex there must at least be a murder mystery can guess again; Mr. Bullard is not exhumed later and no inquest is held. But there is a mystery: which of five heirs-apparent will get Mr. Bullard's job. For the deceased was a one-man band, an executive dynamo who could never bring himself to appoint a real deputy. Mr. Bullard died on Friday afternoon; the book is about the fight for succession covering the ensuing weekend.

The author is at home in an executive suite, for he spent twenty-five years with the Armstrong Cork Company. He has a sure touch with the kind of men who run the Tredway Corporation, or would like to. But it is not just that the people in this drama of infighting come to life—though that is unusual enough in a newsstand league that trades on detailed descriptions of muscular action by people the reader doesn't feel he's met. The infighting itself has an authentic ring; the tensions inside this furniture company are the stuff of which nearly all large organizations are made.

Mr. Hawley has seen clearly that it is these tensions, rather than generalized ideals or the desire for money, that provide most of the individual motivations that make a large organization go. The salesman whose urge is to be universally liked; the controller who is driving to get real power into his own hands through a budget he approves; the production man who feels that the machines, not the people, are interesting and important; the designer who insists that men's pride in their work is their best and most powerful motivation—put these together and the dynamics of organized human behavior will somehow convert them into forward movement for the enterprise as a whole.

Anybody who has worked in a big organization will recognize the petty feelings, inflated with the pressure of ambition. ("If you went to another man's office instead of forcing him to come to yours, you openly acknowledged his superiority.") And their wives will recognize that feeling of being on the outside looking in, as Mr. Hawley re-creates the

fierce, silent competition between the wife and the boss for the personal devotion of each vice-president.

EXECUTIVE SUITE was hailed by its publisher as one of the first novels about businessmen written by an "insider." But what makes this a first-class production is that the motives and actions go beyond big business to big anything. The same kinds of internal rivalries keep government agencies going—and make them vulnerable when a Congressional committee takes these rivalries and exposes them to public ridicule. Similar rivalries, dramatically intensified by even closer contact, showed up in that microcosm of naval bureaucracy called the U.S.S. *Caine*.

Any sizable organization runs partly, and some largely, on this internecine fuel. The alarums and excursions in the Tredway executive offices sound painfully familiar to a reviewer whose chief experience has been in government.

Cameron Hawley has touched something universal in the experience of this overorganized age. We may hope he doesn't wait too long before he does it again.

—HARLAN CLEVELAND

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Helping Parents Grow Up

THE POCKET BOOK OF BABY AND CHILD CARE, by Benjamin Spock, M.D. *Pocket Books. Thirty-five cents.*
COMMON SENSE IN THE NURSERY, by Mrs. Sydney Frankenburg. *Penguin Books. Thirty-five cents.*

NOWADAYS every American product from patent vegetable juicer to air-conditioned Cadillac arrives accompanied by a Complete Instruction Book, and any failure of the item to conform to its advertised virtues is most often explained by its distributor as due to the housewife's persistent refusal to follow the printed directions. Since 1946 this state of affairs has been coming to apply to American children. Their advertised attributes and perquisites are undoubtedly the most extravagant in the world's history: best nourished, best clothed, best educated, best medicated; but since it is still necessary to ask whether they are the best adjusted to their environment, it seems important to take a careful peek at the Complete Instruction Book.

This is a volume called *The Pocket Book of Baby and Child Care,* known across the land by the monosyllable "Spock," after its author, a New York pediatrician of superhuman benignity. Since its first publication in 1946 it has become the most vital piece of prose in 4,043,000 American homes. In an attempt to uncover its shortcomings and biases I have compared Dr. Spock's book with its British equivalent, or opposite number, *Common Sense in the Nursery,* by Mrs. Sydney Frankenburg, who could perhaps be best described as a mother turning into an institution.

My qualifications for judging these two formidably influential books are scanty. I cannot claim the demonstrated gallantry under fire of a mother, the erudite benevolence of a childless aunt or uncle, or the brisk omniscience—based on years of mulling over their own children's upbringing—of grandparents. I am the father of two small children, and when I reach for Spock, I reach for it as the frontiersman reached for his powder horn.

It is, quite possibly, our history of frontier and of isolated settlement and farm, our ancient reliance on Bible, almanac, and mail-order catalogue as instantaneous and infallible sources of enlightenment, that prompts our faith in Complete Instruction Books. Surely no nation has ever produced or consumed so many —beginning with the most ambitious in the history of human vanity and virtue, the Constitution of the United States. The British have no written constitution whatsoever, and I mention this only because it seems relevant in comparing the respective scopes of the two books at hand.

Although Dr. Spock approaches his mammoth task with mammoth humility, he has, despite his constant deference to parent and to local pediatrician, first of all written a magnificently Complete Instruction Book, and I venture to say that if one healthy American couple were (as they will be) put down on Mars with adequate supplies and a copy of Spock, the future of the place would be assured: a nursery school, a supermarket, and a Ford agency in no time.

Between the covers of Spock can be found recommendations for every contingency from assault with a deadly weapon to wintergreen-oil poisoning. It is first-aid book, diet book, medical book, facts-of-life book. Some parents use it in only these reference capacities, which is most unfortunate. It is certainly easy, when you are a participant, to regard childhood as a matter of survival from crisis to crisis, but this is just the way Dr. Spock does not want it regarded. Nor does he want parenthood or childhood regarded as a succession of onerous duties. His is one of the most valiant efforts so far to take the whole relationship out of the realm of the feudal contract and into that of mutual respect for human capabilities. We have ceased to admire "progress" as such; Dr. Spock reminds us not to forget to admire the individual capacity for growth. Somewhere along the line he may even help more parents to grow up—the most valuable service to children he could perform.

ALTHOUGH the points of similarity between Mrs. Frankenburg's advice to British parents and Dr. Spock's to Americans are more strik-

BALLANTINE BOOKS
404 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N. Y.

The City of Anger, by William Manchester
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ing than the points of divergence, *Common Sense in the Nursery* is undoubtedly more limited in its compass and slightly more rigid in its concept of character building. Mrs. Frankenburg assumes that British parents will be able to get outside assistance and advice on various unlikely physical problems. Like Dr. Spock, she cajoles, orders, and spoofs the parent into the role of perpetually cheerful guide and companion. She goes the doctor one better by placing the child's posterior Off Limits for disciplinary exercises. But the weight of British society and history more than makes up for the lack of physical pressure in that particular spot. I do not want to imply that Mrs. Frankenburg is doctrinaire or authoritarian (although she does not hesitate to use the word "naughty" and actually dares to head a chapter, "Bad Habits"). Between the time the British child has been placed on a cold "chamber" at the age of a month or so ("Do *not* . . . warm the chamber, except in very frosty weather . . .") and whisked off to boarding school at the age of eight ("It seems to suit the English boy best . . ."), I would guess that the process has been a trifle more rigorous than that known by the average American parent or child. A few unfairly selected quotes will bear out my contention:

"Infants (as soon as they are acclimatized to this world) and older children should be out all day in *all weathers* except fog. . . ."

"If possible (and a very little management should make it possible) every child should have a brisk run before breakfast."

"If there is blood, mop it up and tell him he is very clever to have made his hankie such a pretty pink."

These, let us never forget, are the people over whom the waves of Goering's Luftwaffe broke and rolled back.

WHILE reading these books, I thought it might be revealing to do some firsthand reporting on the miniature battle scenes—as noisy and as implausible as those tagged by Shakespeare "Enter Armies, fighting"—that surge back and forth across our tiny suburban stage. In keeping this record, I thought, I would prove these baby-book theorists to be just as hopelessly out of touch as the Pentagon-locked authors of military training manuals.

I have been able to decode the following notes:

"stamps on screen door.
K. put M.'s shoe charcoal grill.
toothpaste—dog's ear.
refusal M. allow K. use toilet . . ."

Here some pages of my notes have been torn out. They resume with a long list of aggressively transitive verbs: ". . . pushing, poking, pinching, punching, beating, biting, butting, banging, bashing . . ."

All I now remember about the incidents mentioned is that I lost my own temper once or twice. So I turn back, penitentially, to Spock. And down through four million copies echo the infinitely patient and soothing words:

". . . no parent . . . is always happy and reasonable. . . . Come to think of it, it wouldn't be good training for a child to be brought up by perfect parents, because it would unsuit him for this world."

And so I await the sandman, my sins and my children's sins erased.

—WILLIAM KNAPP

Makers of Modernity

LIVES OF FAMOUS FRENCH PAINTERS, by Herman J. Wechsler. *Pocket Books Cardinal Edition. Thirty-five cents.*

THIS LITTLE volume of twenty-four biographical sketches hurries through a hundred and fifty years of French art from Ingres to Picasso. Uncluttered with the language of aesthetics or art appreciation, here are profiles of the men who introduced the art of our times. They differ in temperament, philosophy, ability; they are bound only in common revolt against classicism. All wanted change; alone or in groups, they shook the complacency of contemporary critics.

Few lived long enough to enjoy the acceptance of their ideas, but what they achieved had its repercussions in almost every corner of the world.

To the casual observer, often perplexed with modern trends in art, this book can be of service. The forty-nine well-selected reproductions of paintings which caused such furor in their time can now be viewed objectively, with appreciation for all their invention and freshness.

Lives of Famous French Painters concludes with the controversial figures of today—Matisse, Braque, Picasso. Picasso is quoted as saying, "Enthusiasm is what we need most, we and the younger generation."

—REG MASSIE

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Catcher in the Rye, by J. D. Salinger

Innocence and Terror

THE INNOCENT VOYAGE, by Richard Hughes. *Signet. Twenty-five cents.*

WHY HASN'T anybody ever gotten up a five-foot shelf of minor classics? Oh, to be sure, the classics themselves are grand and imposing, but after a while the pretensions of those who have scaled the remote heights before us clutter them up and take the fun out of reading them. *The Duchess of Malfi* may not be as great a play as *Hamlet*, but at least we don't see scholars' initials carved everywhere we look.

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There is no particular distinction to be derived from admiring a classic—everybody does—and we rather resent the awe that is expected of us. A book like *Moby-Dick* has us at a disadvantage at the outset, and it would take either a very brave or a very foolish reader to admit that he found it a colossal bore. But one may still come upon George Borrow's *The Bible in Spain* with the pleasurable skepticism of an explorer. The very modesty of the minor classics endears them to us. Our dealings with them are personal rather than institutional.

Richard Hughes's short novel *The Innocent Voyage* (sometimes known as *A High Wind in Jamaica*) is certainly a strong candidate for our list of the world's hundred almost-great books. Without spoiling anything for those who may be so fortunate as to have its discovery still ahead of them, let us say only that although the book deals with children and pirates it is not a whimsical bedtime story. Far from it. The mounting terror of the book proceeds not from the traditional and comfortable conflict between good and evil but rather from the inability of adults—pirates though they may be—to protect themselves from the savagely incorruptible innocence of children.

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Selected Cautionary Verses, by Hilaire Belloc
Outline of European Architecture, by Nikolaus Pevsner

To write with real perception about children is one of the most difficult tasks the mature writer of fiction can set himself. Even Mark Twain fell to mere whimsy toward the end of his classic *Huckleberry Finn* when he permitted that insufferable prig Tom Sawyer to interfere. Mr. Hughes, working on a smaller canvas, permits nothing to interfere. And there's always something very satisfying about watching a modest man accomplish precisely what he has set out to accomplish.

The British seem to know more about this sort of thing than we Americans, and Mr. Hughes is a Welshman. He has written only one other novel, a stirring account of a storm at sea called *In Hazard* which the Signet people would do well to consider for republication. If he had written more, he would surely have become a Major Novelist, and that would have spoiled half the fun.

—ROBERT K. BINGHAM

Intellectual Under Fire

SOCRATES, by A. E. Taylor. *Doubleday Anchor Books. Sixty-five cents.*

THIS IS the biography of a man about whose life only one fact is indisputable: He was put to death in Athens in 399 B.C. Since he himself left no record, everything else has to be extracted from three different, often inconsistent, sometimes contradictory sources—Plato's dialogues, Xenophon's *Memorabilia*, and Aristophanes' plays. In the past, scholars have dismissed one or all of these as unreliable—Xenophon because he was writing an apologia for Socrates, Plato on the ground that the Socrates of his dialogues is merely a literary device for the expression of his own philosophy, Aristophanes because he was a satirist whose purpose was to entertain and exaggerate rather than to inform. These scholars have produced portraits of Socrates much less attractive and sympathetic than Taylor's—all presumably based on evidence available to distinguished classicists. The reader is a fascinated participant in British

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Professor Taylor's brilliant and good-humored debate with his colleagues, mentally applauding every time he scores by proving a disputed point, impressed by his skillful use of his team of ancient authorities. (Plato is the strong man, but Taylor knows when to call on Xenophon and Aristophanes and when to push them into the background.)

But, of course, Professor Taylor was far more anxious to re-create a great thinker's life and times than to win a dispute over whether Socrates' mother was a professional midwife or simply a good woman who performed that function occasionally. In this well-written volume, he presents "an original genius in whose character there was a unique blend of the passionate lover, the religious mystic, the eager rationalist, and the humorist." And his final chapter is a fine introduction to the thought of Socrates, particularly his conception of the soul, which, as Taylor points out, has for two thousand years "dominated European thinking."

THE BOOK was written in 1933 and first published in this country last year. Read today, the most striking part is the description of the teacher-philosopher's trial and death. Socrates, it seems, was formally (and for complex political reasons, vaguely) charged with "impiety" and was condemned for what amounted to *incivisme* or "disloyalty to the spirit of Athenian life."

He was supposed to have been the teacher of Alcibiades, once the pride of Athenian military imperialists, who had launched the armada against Syracuse that led to the undoing of Athens, and who, having been condemned to death for his part in religious scandals that rocked Athens, escaped to Sparta, where he turned traitor and gave the Spartans the advice that enabled them to win the war. Moreover, two of Socrates' close associates, Critias and Charmides, had been members of the terroristic oligarchy set up after Athens' surrender.

Socrates had been outspoken against this tyranny. Yet, after democracy was restored and after Alcibiades and Critias were both dead, Socrates was brought to trial before a jury of five hundred citizens. Taylor claims that "Socrates had not, in fact, educated the two men . . . but it was his misfortune that he had been a friend of both, and was inevitably supposed to have been something more." Also, in the suspicious Athenian democracy there was always "odium attaching to the reputation of superior 'cleverness.' "

Once a secure and powerful imperial city with a tolerant democracy, Athens had come through a long, debilitating war. The old moral, political, and economic order had collapsed. The man who prosecuted Socrates, Meletus, was "no religious fanatic . . . Nor had he any desire to shed blood." But he was under popular pressure, and apparently he demanded the death sentence to induce Socrates to go into voluntary exile and let the case go by default.

Socrates could not accept this alternative to trial. His strictly constitutionalist point of view and his respect for the law led him to believe not only that the State had a right to hold an inquisition into the character of a citizen but also that it was the citizen's duty to face the investigation.

Besides, he felt he had a God-given mission to seek the supreme knowledge of how a man should conduct his life—and to try to induce others to seek it with him. He wanted to be acquitted, but only if acquittal did not require him to compromise with the truth. So he treated the charges with his customary irony, made no reference to his military record of exceptional bravery or to his defiance of the attempt of Critias to implicate him in one of the murders during the Terror. And when judged guilty, he refused to suggest banishment as an alternative to the death penalty, again on principle. This uncompromising position irritated the jurors into voting the death penalty by a larger majority than that which had brought the verdict of guilty.—ELAINE TANNER

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Ring Lardner Revisited

THE LOVE NEST AND OTHER STORIES, by Ring Lardner. *Bantam. Twenty-five cents.*

REREADING Ring Lardner after a long interval and much sampling of recent and current fiction is like a return to reality. It is like walking out of a movie house into a crowded street, or out of a library or advertising agency or any place where reality is something to be described, digested, or somehow dealt with, and returning to the real thing itself.

The reason is fairly simple. Lardner was not a prose writer or even a writer of short stories in the ordinary sense. There is practically no description of any sort in his stories, whether of persons or places or things, no analysis of character or situation, no reflection or explication or evaluation. His stories are almost always chunks of dense, unadulterated talk, and Lardner was a master of talk in precisely the same sense as other writers are called masters of English prose.

His manipulation of the American lingo, his delineation of character and situation and atmosphere by means of the rhythms, tics, and grammatical convulsions of individual speech, represents an almost unique tour de force. Take, for example, the husband in "Mr. and Mrs. Fix-It": "That don't mean, though, that the shoe is all on one foot. Because w'ile the majority of her friends may not be quite as dumb as mine, just the same they's a few she's picked out who I'd of had to be under the ether to allow anybody to introduce 'em to me in the first place." Or the movie producer in "The Love Nest" on the subject of his wife: "She certainly was! And she is yet! I mean she's even prettier, but of course she ain't

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a kid, though she looks it. I mean she was only seventeen in that picture and that was ten years ago. I mean she's twenty-seven years old now. But I never met a girl with as much zip as she had in those days. It's remarkable how marriage changes them. I mean nobody would ever thought Celia Sayles would turn out to be a sit-by-the-fire. I mean she still likes a good time, but her home and kiddies come first. I mean her home and kiddies come first."

THE CURRENT Bantam collection contains ten stories brought out under the same title in 1926, seven years before Lardner's death. A blurb on the back cover describes Lardner in the words of Franklin P. Adams as a "sympathetic hater of the human four-flusher." But the description is far too narrow for the wide range of Lardner's satire. His subjects most typically are the heels and heroes of the ring, the baseball diamond, Tin Pan Alley, and the local barbershop. But he also had a sharp eye and ear for Babbitts, male and female, for the appalling aggressions of friends and family, and for all the phenomena of emotional and moral illiteracy. One of his very best stories, "The Golden Honeymoon" (unfortunately not included in the Bantam collection), is a classic study in American Gothic: an account of the mid-winter vacation of an elderly couple from the North among the church socials, horseshoe and bingo games, and cafeterias of St. Petersburg. The story can be, and probably often is, read as a gentle and devastating piece of joshing. But as so often in Lardner's stories, just beneath the surface of the fun there is a penetrating contempt coupled with something like sorrow for what appeared to him to be the massive and incurable undernourishment of American life. His stories are often tricked out with the broad effects of slapstick burlesque and cracker-barrel clowning, but the connective tissue of all his writing is a relentless misanthropy. Lardner belongs to the tradition of Twain and Beirce and his books, whether in hard or soft covers, on the shelf of American classics.

—PHILIP HORTON

Forgotten Campaign

PATROL, by Fred Majdalany. *Houghton Mifflin* (hard cover), *$2.00. Ballantine Books* (paper-bound), *thirty-five cents.*

IN NOVEMBER, 1942, British and American forces landed in North Africa and fought a series of spotty engagements with its French defenders. These ended, the Allied body that had landed near Algiers moved eastward with all haste toward the prizes of Tunis and Bizerte, 450 miles away.

Across the Mediterranean in Italy, a German high command which had been so dilatory in supporting Field Marshal Erwin Rommel that he and his army were at that moment reeling back across Libya from the debacle of El Alamein reacted promptly and firmly for once. By air and sea it began pumping the troops that later became the Fifth Panzer Army under General von Arnim into the threatened area. Its columns, moving westward, encountered and bloodied the tip of the Allied finger near Medjez-el-Bab, thirty-five miles outside Tunis, exactly a fortnight after the Allied landings. A battalion of the Lancashire Fusiliers, part of an independent brigade that later formed the nucleus of the British First Army, suffered heavily in this meeting engagement. A Lieutenant Majdalany of the Fusiliers was wounded.

Five weeks later Majdalany returned from hospital in Algiers to find the First Army front frozen into immobility by bad weather, difficult terrain, and the balance struck by the struggle of the rival forces to reinforce and supply over tenuous lines and great distances. Until the following April, when the Allies won the build-up contest and pushed across the rugged djebels to final victory in Africa, very little of note took place there. Yet each hour of artillery dueling, infantry sparring, and patrol—above all patrol—exacted its price in dead and maimed, and its heavy tax on the mind, nerve, and muscle of those who survived. In fact, that winter campaign was a preview of the second half of the Korean War. Nothing much happened,

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and papers at home printed few lines about the little that did happen. And the men at the front reflected bitterly, but probably with some accuracy, that nobody gave a damn about them or their war.

TEN YEARS later, that bitterness still tinges Majdalany's fine novel of front-line combat. By this alone one could be sure of the author's long battle record without bothering to consult the publisher's note on his career. With deadly accuracy Majdalany hits out at the infantryman's favorite gripes: the rear echelon, false notions about fear, and brass who believe that a combat soldier can fight on and on without relief, rest, and—once in a while—a woman.

As to the rear echelon, here is Majdalany's extraordinarily accurate picture of General Eisenhower's headquarters in Algiers: "As they dealt with documents concerning such diverse matters as gun parts, venereal disease statistics, harbour installations, personnel appointments, special clothing for docks operating companies, summer underwear for nursing personnel . . . they grumbled about the weather and chattered pleasantly about their social life. About local families with whom they had become friendly; of the headway or otherwise being made with this or that young woman . . . of how boring they were beginning to find Algiers . . .

"It was all very chummy and unhurried and metropolitan: and remote from the war. Bureaucracy-surmer. Whitehall flavoured with garlic and charcoal, combining business and pleasure in a new kind of holiday camp with all found."

Here is infantry officer Majdalany on fear: ". . . My friend Mike Lawson—late friend I should say. 'He didn't know what fear was,' some idiot wrote in some newspaper. The fool, the bloody fool, that writer. Of course he knew what fear was . . . He knew how to overcome it, that's all. He knew how to bend fear back with the arms of will-power. He wrestled and fought with it like Laocoön with the snakes. He fooled it with feints and tricks . . .

"He fought it with love, not the love between the thighs but the sort that is in the heart of men who face peril together. So he won many rounds of this fight, old Mike. But fear grows always stronger and the muscles on the arms of will-power begin to ache, they can't bend back fear forever. . . ."

MAJDALANY makes his battalion chaplain the chief proponent of the truth—censored out of the dispatches of correspondents throughout the war on every front—that no troops can fight on indefinitely. Even such a tartar as General Patton came around to this way of thinking after the end of the war: "Infantry troops can attack continuously for sixty hours. Frequently much time and suffering are saved if they will do so. Beyond sixty hours, it is rather a waste of time, as the men become too fatigued from lack of sleep."

Majdalany's battalion, at the point in time given in his novel, has been in contact with the enemy for three months at most. There were U.S. divisions which far surpassed that. On December 13, 1944, the First Infantry was pulled out of the line for the first time since June 6. Behind that stretch lay the North African and Sicilian campaigns. As this reviewer and the division public-relations officer were trying vainly to find—for a press interview—one fighting man who had survived every major action, the Germans struck through the Ardennes. On the night of December 16, the First was on its way to the battle line again.

—AL NEWMAN

Detectives of Antiquity

A FORGOTTEN KINGDOM. Being the record of the results obtained from the excavation of two mounds, Atchana and Al Mina, in the Turkish Hatay. By Sir Leonard Woolley. *Pelican Books A261. Penguin Books, Inc. Seventy-five cents.*

WHEN a war comes along, the field archaeologists climb out of the rubble at Level XVI, up the ruined stairway to Level VIII of some forgotten and rediscovered city buried under thousands of years of wind-blown desert sand; they put away their broken bits of pottery, Cretan, Hittite, or Sumerian; they go into uniform, place their highly developed powers of reasoning—from fragments of evidence to larger truths—at the service of their respective countries, and become excellent military intelligence officers. When one of them adds temperament and genius to training you have Lawrence of Arabia. But between the wars the archaeologists bring the detective story to a classical pitch of deduction, logic, and excitement.

THE ARCHAEOLOGISTS start without a corpse. Often they have to reason a corpse into existence. From 1936 to 1949, the war interrupting, Sir Leonard Woolley and his colleagues brought a forgotten city in a forgotten kingdom in north Syria back to the knowledge of men. The corpse of a city is more complicated than dull evidence of crime: There is no one bullet hole from which to deduce the existence of a gun; Atchana, the archaeologists found, had suffered multiple deaths and rebirths from unknown causes before it disappeared finally beneath the Amq plain.

Digging down from level to level —each level showing a city destroyed and re-erected—they reached the lowest, No. XVII, and dated the origins of the city to 3400 B.C. They descended—carefully, as when one plays at jackstraws—sorting out the evidence, the broken amphora, the neolithic stone figurine, admittedly hideous, the lovely carved-ivory vials; they came to the city gate at Level VII—built when Hammurabi ruled in Babylon—and looked once again, as men had looked three thousand years before them, over the boundless plain.

Then, working on the evidence they had so diligently uncovered, these detectives produced not the solution of any crime but one more link in the bright chain of man's knowledge of his past.

—GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

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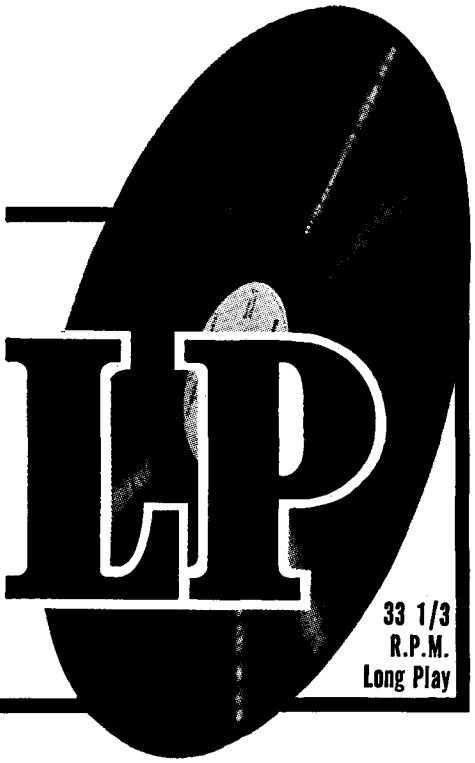

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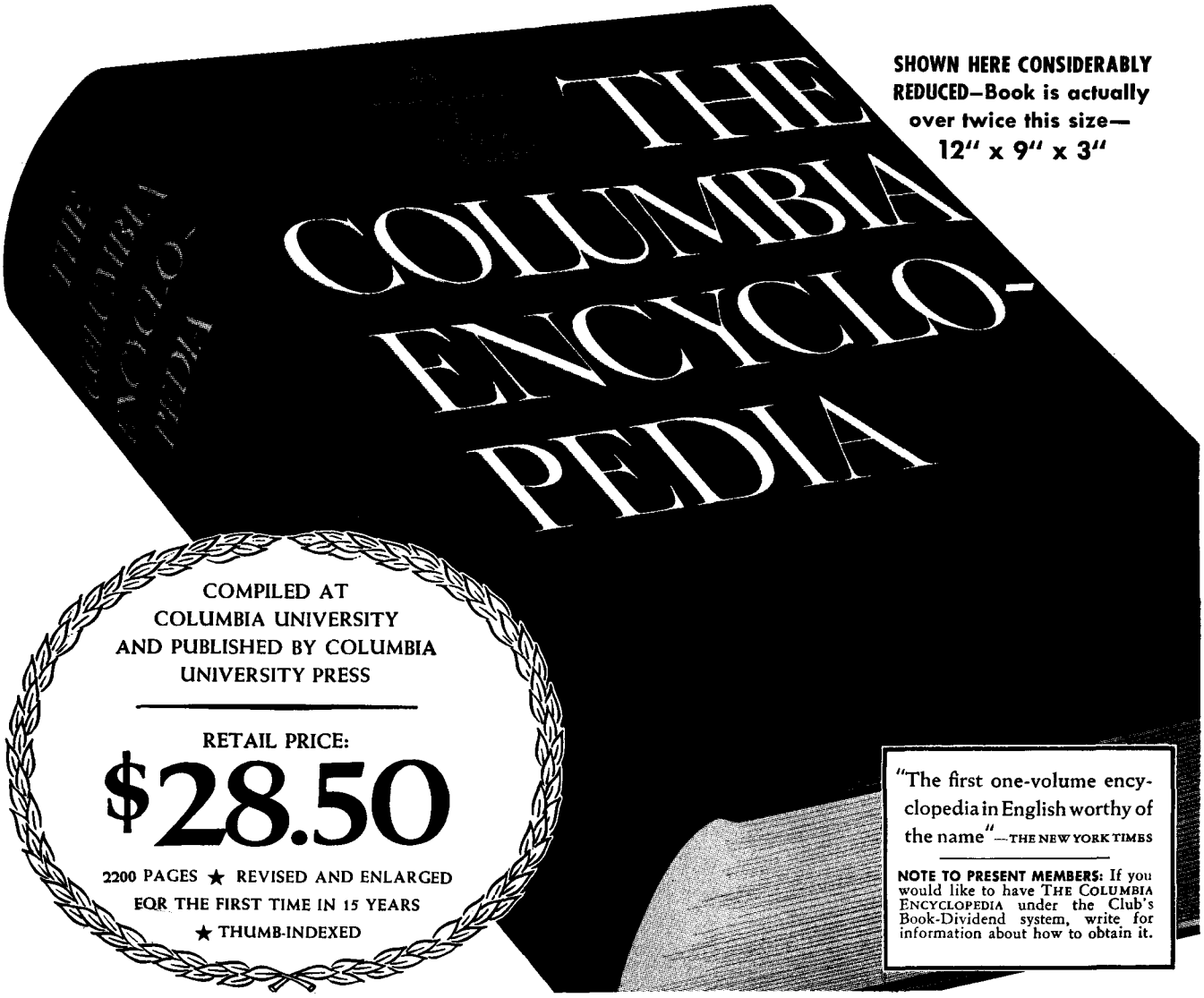

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